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Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

THE receipts for the month ending July 18th again show a falling off from last year of \$1,400, making a total decrease for the year of \$8,700. There is an increase in legacies which somewhat reduces this total, but these figures represent the reliable income of the Board. What shall be done, dear friends? There yet remain four months before the year closes. As we return refreshed, strengthened, blessed, we hope, from the beautiful places of our summer rest, shall we not take up the work anew, with faith and zeal? Let us never for a moment think that the sum is too large to be made up; with God's blessing and the earnest, persistent, courageous effort of all our workers, it can be done. Shall we do it?

NOT long ago Mrs. Dwinell, the widow of the late Dr. Dwinell, President of the Pacific Theological Seminary, was called to her parlor to see a visitor. There sat a plainly dressed person, with a basket beside her, containing small wares, such as are often sold from house to house; but trade was not the object of the call. After some preliminary conversation the poor woman said that she had been reading about the need of the foreign missionary work. The story of "retrenchment" had touched her heart, and she was distressed that any of the good work must be given up. "Here," she said, "are twenty-five dollars which I want to give to the Board," and she gave a roll of bills to Mrs. Dwinell. A few days after she called again with her basket of tape, and pins, and needles upon her arm. "I have been reading

The Pacific," she said. "I have become deeply interested in Mrs. Gulick's plans for the girls in Spain; I want to help in that work, also;" and she took twenty-five dollars from her pocket, which she handed Mrs. Dwinell. A story like this needs no comment. To-day, as of old, the Master sits over against the treasury, and surely his smile of approval rests upon her who "hath done what she could."

A. G. G.

A MISSIONARY from China has said: "The Chinaman is an individual with some backbone in him; but the Chinese woman has several backbones in her. If we can get the women of China to become Christians we have solved the question."

THE difficulty of mission work in China is thus described by a missionary there: "When I used at home to speak of 'the heathen,' I meant by the word men who had never heard the gospel. A look in the faces of a Chinese crowd made me realize for the first time that it meant much more than this. In consequence of their not hearing it, they have lost all capacity for understanding it. That look made me feel that to the heathen the gospel is not only a new, a strange sound, but that it is an unintelligible sound; and that every conversion will be a miracle."

THE young Emperor of China—only eighteen years old—is blessed with many wives. Immemorial custom, which is almost the same as law in China, allows the emperor three wives of the first rank,—the central, eastern, and western empresses,—six of the second rank, and seventy-two concubines. The central empress, although the highest in rank, is said to be neither so able nor so beautiful as the others, but was given her place by the Empress Dowager, her aunt, during the young emperor's minority. It is stated, also, that the Manchu women do not bind their feet, so that there is not a bound-footed woman in all the palace. That would be a happy day for the women of China if the court custom could extend over the kingdom.

Rev. James Smith, of Ahmednagar, India, sends a letter which he received from an entire stranger, which speaks for itself. Mr. Smith writes: "It (the letter) shows the direction of thought in India to day among a large number of the rising generation. It is a hopeful sign of the times. There is no opposition on the part of such people to teaching Christianity. They welcome Christianity as at least an enlightening and civilizing force, if for no better reason. The wives and children of such men are good soil for the seed." The letter says:—

You will not be little surprised to see yourself addressed by a stranger, in so familiar a tone. But the high opinion I have long entertained of your character as a gentleman and a missionary, and which has been strongly confirmed by what I heard about you and your doings from others, encourages me to solicit your kind assistance in a matter of very great importance.

I belong to that sect of modern Hindus who adore the Unity, upon whose souls the caste system has no hold, and who profess universal brotherhood. So I feel I stand on a platform much higher than the one trodden by very many of my countrymen. But among those countrymen there stands an individual, eagerly looking up to me and stretching her hands to me, that I may take her up. My wife, whom I love tenderly, and who deserves the love, stands much below me in culture and education. She can read Marathi, but that can never make her able to walk hand in hand with me in the paradise of reason and progress. She is obedient, meek, and promising, and that she is such I am doubly grieved to see her dragging herself along with me. Can I not manage to impart able instruction to her myself? I see I cannot. Without money, without recommendation, without that great blessing, "Health," I have been constantly engaged in fighting the hard battle of life, in which I have lost more than half my energies.

Once I had made up my mind to get her admitted into the Sharada Sadauna of Pundita Ramabai. The lady generously promised to take her free. But then, we have got a sweet baby of a year or so, and the mother could not make herself willing to join that institution, lest she might be very often interrupted in waiting upon her only dear child. I, for my part, did not like to touch the tender feelings of a mother, and that plan was given up.

Such is my case. I desire to educate my wife. I long to see her morally my companion of life. I believe it is my first duty to raise the position of one who has intrusted her life to me. How can it be realized? Yet I have hopes—most sanguine hopes! I know, I am quite conscious, what the American Mission has done for my dear country. When universities were, as yet, not organized; when we, the public, had no private institutions of our own; when the people were quite reluctant to spend a farthing upon the education of their children; when the very uttering of A, B, C, was sure to expose a student to excommunication and the hard results attending it,—who were those who, under these circumstances, opened their purses, started free schools, and took upon themselves to educate the public, then thankless enough, as they were quite unconscious of the blissful fruits of English culture? These were the missionaries; the predecessors of the present missionaries did all this. I am no flatterer, yet I do not fear to state facts,—facts which are vividly placed before the world; facts which teach me to venture to encroach upon the goodness of the missionaries. Will you not extend your helping hand to me? I cordially hope you will. If you say "Yes," and if you can spare an able tutoress from the Zenana Mission to teach my wife regularly, we shall at once go to Nagar, and try to live there. Hoping to be kindly excused for the familiar tone of the letter, and soliciting an early reply, I beg to remain, etc.

THE annual report of woman's work in Tung-cho, China, gives a most encouraging account of growth in that department. The following extract shows what the Week of Prayer means for the women there: "The Week of Prayer is a golden time with our women. This year over thirty were invited to spend the week with us, and these, together with those who live in our courts and those who came daily from their houses, made a noble company for the woman's noon meeting. They gathered in three separate companies for morning prayers, and there they were each given a slip of paper on which were written three or four verses bearing on the topic for the day. These verses were committed to memory during the day, and two or three classes for Bible study were held for the brighter women and children. With attending these meetings, and with several hours of study, each day was filled to overflowing, and it seemed as if we could fairly see our women grow. They went about in little groups, with happy faces, gaining new experience of the joys of Christian fellowship; and each one could say with fresh emphasis when she went away, 'I believe in the communion of saints.'"

The report also shows that the tide of organization has reached these far-away sisters. The report says: "Tung-cho women are copying their Oriental sisters, and this year have organized two new societies, one of which, an Anti-Footbinding Association, will hardly spread beyond the limits of the Celestial Empire. Including two branches, we have now seventeen women with large feet and twenty-eight girls, about half of whom are in the Bridgman School,—a grand total of forty-five. Some of them have unbound their feet, and some, born in Christian homes, have tasted of the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and have never been subjected to that heathenish bondage. The crusade against "Golden Lilies may be declared a success in Tung-cho, and it is now taken for granted that our church members will not bind their daughters' feet."

The second society is a Woman's Christian Association, organized with twenty-three active members, "all of whom can read the Bible understandingly," and several associate members. Their most important work is the charge of the meetings for women, evangelistic work in the hospitals, two mission Sunday schools, receiving and entertaining of women on Sunday, visiting sick members and absentees in their homes, and general work for the unconverted. The report says: "Although this association seems to receive some departments of work from the direct control of the missionaries, we are still so represented among the officers and committees as to exercise a strong influence. They must increase, we must decrease; and we are glad the day has come when we can intrust the work so largely to our noble company of Christian women."

CHINA. WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

BY MISS L. B. PIERSON.

IN the vast Empire of China there live so many souls, that, it is said, they number one fourth of the inhabitants of the globe. Think of the multitude of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters in that company,—young and bright, giving promise of activity, and in the prime of life, with young families growing up about them, looking to the mother for guidance,—as well as the feeble, bent-over, aged women, who have well-nigh passed through their period of usefulness and influence, and are tottering on the very borders of this life.

There is but little rejoicing over the birth of a little girl in China; the mother knows, alas! how little of joy and how much of sorrow must come into her daughter's life. If the child is favored with pretty face and attractive ways, she is petted and indulged; if she is strong-willed and resolute, weaker minds of the household yield to her and keep the peace. While still a child she is married, and taken to the home of her husband, where the dreaded mother-in-law at once compels her obedience.

A little later in life, however, when her own children are growing up, and her sons bring home their wives, her own season of authority begins, and henceforth due homage and respect are paid to her word.

Age and position in the households of China entitle the mother and the mother-in-law to implicit respect and deference. The father is revered, and a certain awe is attached to his presence, but it is the mother who gives the moulding touch to the household.

When that leading spirit is wholly unguided by the True Spirit of Wisdom, and has naught but her selfish will and uncontrolled temper to prompt her words and deeds, how can she lead the sons and their wives and her daughters in any ways of pleasantness and of peace? And yet the position into which she has grown, gives to her a marked influence in her small realm.

Now, should this same leading spirit in the home have learned obedience to the Father's will, to control her hasty temper and selfish will, she can lead her sons and daughters in ways of pleasantness and of peace, and she can influence them to set their affections on things above, and to live high, noble lives. Yes, she can say, "As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord;" and she can see to it that the routine of daily labor shall be suspended, and each seventh day, "the day of rest and gladness," shall be observed and not desecrated.

O ye mothers in our own Christian land, can it be that you have more influence than they have? In your home, while you are beloved and revered, and your advice is so deeply prized, still, the young people of your household are daily under the influence of pulpit, schools, books and pamphlets, and untold helps beyond; while the influence from pulpit, school, books, pamphlet, and society are unknown to the daughters, and but slightly known to the sons, of those heathen homes in China. The mother is the one to look to there, and what in life and character she is, others about her are apt to imitate.

Many incidents come to mind illustrating the importance of the position which women hold in China. Prominent among them is this: In 1636 the Manchu Dynasty, the one now ruling, overpowered the Chinese, and took control of their kingdom. Wishing outward manifestation of their authority, the mandate went forth that all the men should shave the front of their heads, and braid their hair into a queue; and that the women should henceforth give up the practice of binding their feet. Everywhere throughout China the men yielded, and the practice of braiding the hair into a queue prevails; but the women were resolute, and quite sure that the tiny *bouna* foot was prettier and more to be desired than the foot in its natural state. Therefore they have most persistently continued to bind their feet, the granddames and mothers performing this unnatural service for the little four and five year-old girls of their households. Let the women become convinced of the evil of this custom, and their influence will soon cause it to be abandoned.

The leading circumstances of the weddings of China are well known; but one feature of a certain marriage of one of the young men of our mission court at Pao-ting-fu is worthy of notice here. This young man was an active Christian, and his chosen bride a young woman who had long been familiar with the teachings of the gospel, and apparently ready to follow them, though mother and family took no special interest in them. Li Ho, the young man, followed the general custom of weddings, and had his bride escorted to his home in the mission court in the fantastic red-covered bridal chair, while it was yet dark,—before the hour of dawn. The bride was gayly attired, and attended by her mother and other women friends, and the usual feast was spread. But beyond this it was fully understood beforehand that the Christian marriage ceremony was to be performed also. However, as the hour set for this drew near, the bride stiffly refused to enter the chapel and have the Christian service performed; urging that they were already married, and it was unnecessary. It was evident that her mother and friends had urged her to this course, and she was fearful to oppose them. But we remon-

strated with her, saying she had come to the Christian court to live, and was marrying a Christian, and that no other course could be allowed. So she yielded, reluctantly, and came escorted by mother and friends to the chapel. Her husband stood by the side of his "best man," while the timid bride was allowed to sit in a chair near by.

The usual questions were put and properly answered, and the ceremony passed most pleasantly, followed by congratulations. But the chief interest of it all was, that as we passed out of the chapel, the bride's mother and friends gathered about her and most earnestly declared: "We never saw anything like that before! That is just fine, to have them both promise to love and care for each other! I did not know that was what the Christians did. It is right. Now they will surely be good to each other, and it will be well with them! It is far better than our wedding ceremony, and I like it." One of the friends exclaimed, "I wish my daughter had been married with a promise of love between them, and I wish I had!" So they went back to their heathen homes, full of admiration for the promises made to each other. Who will venture to predict what may result from the influence of this decision!

Shall we not multiply our influence in helping these sisters to understand the highest and best way, that they may use their influence for good in their own homes?

MERIDEN, CONN.

REPORT OF THE FOOCHOW GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR THE YEAR 1891.

Ladies in charge, Miss Ella J. Newton, Miss Elsie M. Garretson. Native teacher, Sing Muk Kek. Assistant teacher, Uong Ting Chio.

Our Girls' Boarding School has closed another year of its history, in which we find much to encourage and make us thankful. Miss Newton has returned to us from her visit in the United States; and not only her old schoolgirls are glad to see her, but all our native Christians who came up to Foochow to attend the annual meeting seemed more than usually happy, because they felt they somehow had gotten back something they had lost. It makes the school work run so much more smoothly, too, when there are two to put their shoulders to the wheel.

Among our physical comforts, we want to give thanks for the beautiful new desks and seats presented to us by Phillips Church Sabbath School, South Boston. These desks occupy so much less space than the old ones, that we not only have room for gymnastics, but we can also accommodate a larger number of pupils, which alone is sufficient cause for thankfulness, to



ay nothing of the cheery attractive, homelike appearance they give to our schoolroom.

The number of pupils enrolled in attendance the first term was forty-six; the second term, thirty-seven. Entire number who have received instruction during the year, fifty-two. Of these, twenty-seven are either from, or connected with, Christian families, and twenty-five are from heathen homes. The amount of money contributed by the parents for board and tuition during the year is forty-two dollars and sixty-two cents. The deportment of the pupils and their progress in study have been very satisfactory. The older classes especially have advanced to where they need, more and more, careful instruction, which can be given only by the ladies in charge; and now that Miss Newton is back, we hope to concentrate our best efforts on these girls who must soon go out from us, and upon whom we depend for good work in the future.

Our Junior Society of Christian Endeavor has grown in interest and numbers, and a wholesome religious sentiment has pervaded the school. Just before the close of last term seventeen of the girls expressed their intention of leading a Christian life. Of these, six have since been received to the church, and we hope others may be ready soon to thus publicly profess their faith in Christ. Besides the daily morning and evening devotional exercises, the pupils observe silent quarter hours. There are also two stated weekly prayer meetings, one for the younger and one for the older pupils, and the Friday evening Christian Endeavor meeting. These, with the daily Bible lessons with each class and the Sabbath services, cannot but exert a strong religious influence on the school. Sixteen of the pupils are now church members; seven others are active, and four associate, members of the Christian Endeavor Society.

ELSIE M. GARRETSON.

TOURING NOTES.

BY MISS MARY S. MORRILL, OF PAO-TING-FU.

LAST week I came in from a month in the country, and this tour has given me so much encouragement and gladness, that I feel I must pass it along to the friends at home. For a year I have been urged by the people to visit some villages two days' journey from here, where we have some church members. The pastor has been down through the field twice a year, but Dr. Merritt's work and mine has kept us so closely confined at home, that we have only been away for five or six days at a time. Occasional hints came that if I could "talk enough" to go to other places, I might come to them.



GATEWAY TO MISSION PREMISES. PAO-TING-FU.

We spent the first week at T'ang-fêng, where we have eight church members and some probationers. I had fifteen children who found their way to me every day, and they used their time so well that they learned the Ten Commandments, the Beatitudes, a little prayer, and a form of grace. When the assistant told me that in one family the mother did not buy the gods according to custom at this time, because when the peddler came around, her little boy of ten repeated the first Commandment and my explanation, I felt that the time had been well spent. "Of course," she said to the teacher, "I didn't want them if they were false." Other parents were also pleased with the teachings, and I was very happy in the cordial love of the children.

We have one interesting old member here. She is eighty-one, but her unimpaired faculties and bright, clear ways make her seem but about sixty. The old women say so often, "It is a good doctrine; what you say is true, but it is so hard to change when you are old." We had a good many inquirers, and also have the joy of knowing that some who had fallen away were brought back by our teachings.

Some of our English friends very kindly lent us their magic lantern. We found it a great help, and used it here three times. In the Old Testament they were specially impressed with the spirit Joseph manifested toward his brethren. One old lady said, "We Chinese don't forgive like that." The scenes in the life of Christ were followed with the closest interest.

We began the second week by going to my cook's village. He is the only Christian there, so I felt we had much to do. His family have never opposed him, but, from what he tells me, have cared but little before for the truth. I had let him go before us three or four days; so when the family bought the gate and kitchen gods, which the heathen all paste up the last day of the year, he persuaded them to sell the pictures to him. He told me afterward, with a mischievous laugh, "I tore them up and burnt them." There will be no idols in that house this year; for if they are not set up on the first day, they will not be until the next New Year's Day.

One afternoon, as I told a group of God's great love for his children, one woman caught my hand and whispered so eagerly, "Would He be pleased if I took down my 'Heaven and Earth' (a god) and burnt it?" I said: "That is the first step, to put away all your other gods. Then he will surely teach you."

The second day, as on the first, the room was packed to overflowing. Of course many had come to see the foreigner, but even among those, interest in the bearer was soon lost in the message. Mrs. Chang and I talked until lips and tongue were so dry that the words almost refused to come. The women were very thoughtful, and said, "Rest a little, and we will wait for you." But after a moment one woman pulled my sleeve, saying, "Do tell me how



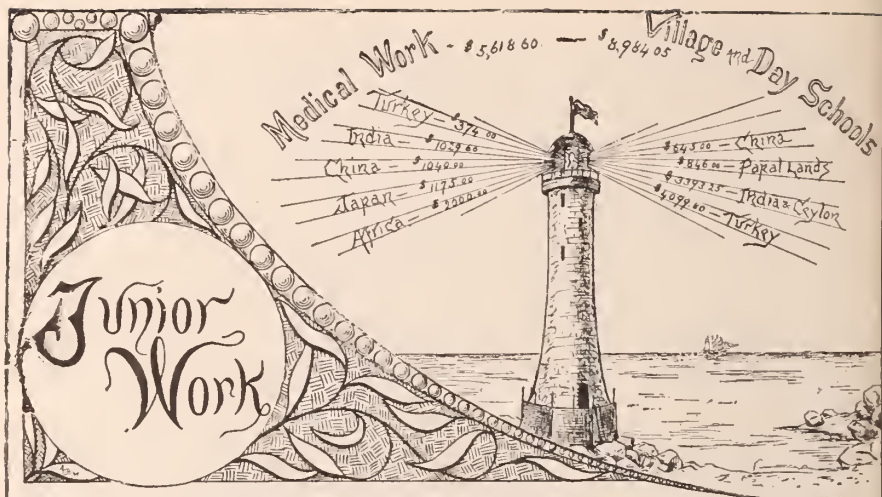
A LOTUS POND NEAR PAO-TING-FU.

to pray to God." So many times have I been asked that and similar questions on this trip. We had large numbers of men and women, quiet and earnest, at morning prayers, and the helpers tell me I was too busy with the women to see how many men they received. The women were very eager for us to stay longer, saying: "If you go away how shall we learn? Who will tell us?"

We visited three other villages near together, being out only two nights. It was all the time we felt that we could give. Here the assistant and wife was with us. Her husband gave out medicine in one room, teacher Wang mounted a cart in an outer court, I was in one corner of the inner court, Mrs. Chang in another, and the young wife was in another room. We all had earnest, attentive hearers. So many said, "Why didn't we know this before?"

The third week we went on to Sin Ch'in, forty li from T'ang-fêng. Here we have four church members and several who are interested. The room was crowded day after day, and though curiosity was the ruling motive, who can say hearts were not reached? As one of the helpers said, "Our opportunity is very great, and the Lord will surely help us to use it." The family where I stayed said: "Before, our neighbors reviled and ridiculed us, but now they let us alone. If they are not strongly for us, they are not against us." The young man of the house, who is now an assistant in the Pang-Chuang dispensary, said, "The first time that Mr. Pierson came here I reviled him, and my father threw mud at him." The father is a delightfully warm-hearted Christian now, and I had a very happy week in his family. The women of the family came very early to my room for prayer and a little word before breakfast, and we had the same thing together at night. The Lord has given me a great blessing on this trip in making the women so companionable, and in bringing us very near together.

I have written you rather fully in regard to the trip because I know you will be interested, and because I feel that you will see the importance of some one's coming to our aid, so that one can be on the road more and yet the home work not be left undone. The helper said to me, "The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers—oh, why doesn't the Board send them out?" Every village urged me to come again, and now that I am at home, invitations are coming from other places, two of them new ones. The schools are opened, the dispensary patients must be visited, prayer meetings and Bible women looked after, so I feel tied. If I run away I think about the home work. It is a little hard to see the work undone. I truly work as hard as I can, but when the days have a limit, what can one do? I do hope some one will come soon, the work here at Pao-ting-fu has such a bright outlook.



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:79 —

LETTER FROM DR. PAULINE ROOT.

DEAR GIRLS: I have written to you of the pitiful condition of your Hindu sisters, of the growing influence for good of the handful of Christian Japanese women, and how many times since I came to this country have I already told of the sad sights one meets, not only in India's and China's homes, but in dainty Japan as well. You have, many of you, opened your hearts to help our dear Hindu women; I want you to turn in loving sympathy, and a longing desire to help, to the vast body of Chinese women who must be reached. They are not easy to reach; proud are they, and proud they may well be if ancient civilization, learning, and family give one the right to be proud. Many are rich, but they are not satisfied; more, thousands upon thousands are pitifully poor, and they hunger for bread, and no one gives bread; and their hearts hunger for—they know not what, and no one speaks peace to their souls. Sometimes I hardly wonder that dear little babies are at times left by the road to die, when I turn my memory backward and call to mind the many whom I saw by the roadsides grubbing up roots and grasses for food. What are we doing for these millions of dying souls? Something. And to the praise of God let it be said that all Chinese Christians are not "rice Christians," but having accepted bread, have turned with simple gratitude and trust to Him who spreads a table for them in that desert land, and in the presence of their enemies,—a table full of good things for their souls.

I look back, as I sit here in this beautiful room belonging to one of the King's children, and I see the dirty—oh! so dirty—Chinese houses where I visited; the cattle in the courts, the filth, the vermin, the nauseating odors, the scavenger dogs and pigs, emaciated and savage, the half-naked men, the prudishly modest and immodest, vermin-infected women, the lepers, the blind, the lame, the diseased, the simply coarse, the vilely obscene; and here, too, I see your missionaries,—delicate, dainty, cultured,—not repelled, but rejoicing, that “as Christ was in the world, so are they.” I see them, despised and rejected of men, going out from their dainty homes on long journeys in springless carts or on too springy donkeys, sometimes in Chinese dress, to live among the people for weeks. They not only sit with them hour after hour on the kang, close in contact with all that their instincts would keep them from touching, patiently leading them step by step Christward, but they live with them, eating their food; sleeping by them; and I have seen them pillowing their heads (with none of the revulsion that came to me, the outsider) on their bosoms, as they comforted them. It takes the spirit of Christ; but oh, girls, if you could see how these uncouth, illiterate women blossom out as they are comforted, and as the Lord's sunlight floods their hearts! The Lord's own, even in China, become lovely in their lives, clean in their bodies, and filled with the wisdom from above; so much so, that some of your own missionaries, when days grow dark, lay their heads for comfort and help upon those whom they have led out into the light.

As I look back upon my four months in China, in Canton, in Shanghai, in Tung-cho, Peking, and Pang-Chuang, it seems to me that I never met more lovely or lovable women, in Christ, than some whom I met there. Some of you have said, with a shrug of the shoulders, with a little impatience, perhaps, “I have no interest in the Chinese.” Don't say it again, girls. If you only knew,—if I could but let you see through my eyes, you could not say it. Be certain of one thing,—and I speak that which I have seen,—if you have any love for souls, or even for helping people who need help, you would, if you were in China, learn to love, and love dearly, those for whom you labored,—your Chinese women.

And now a word for the medical work. If you had gone, as I did, into fine palaces of the rich, where no foreigners but medical women can enter; if you had seen there, as I once saw, fifty-two daughter-in-laws with feet so tiny that a baby's shoe would be too large, so crippled that they could not walk unless supported; if you had seen among them the pale, haggard, beautiful faces of the confirmed opium smokers, and had heard them cry out to you to save them; if in the middle of the night you had gone to the help of one who had taken opium to end her life, because she could not stand the

misery of it,—and all this in wealthy homes; or if you had gone into the squalid houses of the poor, and had seen the people, diseased and loathsome, burning incense before their paper or brass gods, while their friend was going from them with no word of comfort, and had then seen, as in the wealthy man's house, your doctor gather into her arms of love the dying woman, and telling her that she was beyond the human physician's skill, commit her into the loving arms of the Great Physician; if you had seen day by day patients—women and men—committing their dearest ones to our women doctors for serious operations with perfect confidence in the doctor's skill; if you had seen these same doctors day by day seeing, prescribing for, and operating on two hundred or more patients, always cheerful, always ready to hear all their story, and to prescribe for aching hearts as well as diseased bodies, never flinching before the diseases that would make strong men feel faint; if you could see, as I have seen, these same doctors ready to sit up nights beside one whom you are "not interested in," to be nurse as well as doctor, ready night or day to go miles in the Chinese wheelbarrow, or in the jolting sedan chair to help into the world the joyously welcomed son, or the poor little unwelcomed daughter; if you could see her again teaching a medical class, training her nurses, superintending the hospital prayers or Sunday school,—ah me! what not,—your feeling of indifference would melt away. Missionaries are only other girls gone away from home, and if they love like this, so would you. I know it, and your reward would be the hundredfold.

Do you not already feel that you must have a hand in this work? What if you saw a dear blind baby two years old deserted to die; would you not rescue it? What if you knew that a dear, living little baby was thrown into the little stone baby tower where dead babies are placed; would you not, no matter what you gave up, have that baby rescued from its awful fate? Poor baby, one such that I was told of was eaten before she was rescued so that her face and hands were scarred for life! Near our hospital I saw in the hot summer weather a deserted coffin,—deserted by all except the one within. Across from the doctor's house, on a sealed (because full) baby tower, I saw a tiny form wrapped in matting. I saw a body floating down the river, and no one rescued it. Dear girls, you, who are taught to control your feelings, could hold out a helping hand to poor women whose passions are so violent that rage sometimes makes them blind; you could help those who for trivial offenses would hang or drown themselves, teaching them better things. The sad things in China would force you to be interested; your heart would be so touched that you would cry out, "Lord, I entreat thee, let me help." In the *Mission Studies* I read of Dr. Murdock's regret

because of no suitable building in which to see her patients. She speaks of a broken-down building reached by winding ways. How well I remember it. That building, or rather the place where it stands, is not to be despised. The Lord gave it to Miss Chapin, and she can use it when more money is sent; but it is not what Dr. Murdock needs. Nor is it good for her to see patients in her own room. We all have to do it, and when we do it we see them as lovingly as when they come to the dispensary; but it is better for us to keep our own rooms sweet and clean if we are to sleep and eat in them. I do not mean to imply that all the Chinese are dirty—not so those who have been “washed in the blood of the Lamb.” What a difference that does make to one’s body and to one’s clothes, as well as to one’s heart!

By and by, in Kalgan you ought to help them, if only in memory of what has been done. Dr. Murdock used to be there; you remember, do you not, how it used to trouble her as she went out at night, that the wolves were tearing to pieces the little dead babies—it may have been living ones at times. Some day you may hear a call to come to Kalgan. Shall any one of you be ready to go, or to send some one? Is any one of you studying now, and saying, “There in Tung-cho is that pretty dispensary that Dr. Holbrook built; there are sick bodies and souls there, waiting. I will make ready. They may some day want me there!” Do not think, girls, that you would be lonely there. The city would not perhaps attract you at first, but you would find no lovelier people to work with in the world than those at Tung-cho. Think about it; be ready; your Lord may want you there by and by!

I did not visit Foochow,—more is the pity,—but I doubt not if you turn your thoughts thitherward that Dr. Woodhull would gladly put you to work. Would you not feel that you had done much more for God than your hopes, if you had, as she has, just graduated four Chinese women who not only can cure the body and teach better ways of living, but who are in the service of the Great Physician, and can at any time call him in to take the responsibility from them?

I will not feel sorry for those who cannot go, for God’s plans must be carried out for each one of us. It is not for us to envy those who can go; but remember this, girls, we are living in grand times, grand and great missionary days, and if he calls you to help in any way, you are greatly honored of your King. There’s money wanted and influence, but if we have the fellowship that Christ asks for us, these will be ours for the poor perishing women in heathen lands and in our own.

“Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.”

Yours, with love, In His Name,

CHILDREN'S MEETING.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN CHINA.

I.—Home Life.

The homes in China are not bright, happy ones, like ours. Many of the Chinese are very poor, and often whole families live in one single room, which is cooking, eating, sleeping, and living room. No glass windows let in the sunshine—only paper ones; no board floors keep out the dampness—only the earth, or damp, mouldy bricks; no chimneys let out the soot and smoke, and of course the walls are dark and dingy. Many of the homes, too, are dirty, ill-smelling, and full of vermin. Even the wealthier homes are not happy ones, because there is so little of love in them. It seems as if fathers and mothers hardly knew how to love their children; or, at least, how to show any love in pleasant, tender ways. Certainly they give little love or attention to their baby girls. Every mother in China wants boys, but no one rejoices when a little daughter comes into a home. Many a woman can say at the very end of her life, "No one ever loved me." In some parts of China a great many little girl babies are drowned by their parents the very day they are born. We do not see or hear of that in North China; yet many of the little girls are sadly neglected, and some are very unkindly treated.

Of course Chinese children have plays and playthings, and some of them are much like ours. The boys, and men, too, are fond of flying kites, and at the proper time for that amusement the air is full of kites, great and small, in every variety of shape and coloring. There are insects, birds, fishes, animals, and men, some of them really beautiful; some of them so large that it takes two or three men to hold the rope; and some with a bow and string attachment which makes a loud, whistling sound when the wind blows upon it. They have marbles, too, which they kick instead of shooting; and a funny little shuttlecock, which they keep in the air with their feet, besides many playthings quite unlike ours. They make pets of birds, carrying them about on sticks, and teaching them various tricks; also of insects,—crickets, which they teach to fight,—and different kinds of cicada, which they keep in little cages, because they like their "singing," as they call it. Most of the toys and games are for boys. The little girls have no dolls, nor are there any, or the beautiful picture and story books which children so enjoy. The little girls are, many of them, kept busy taking care of baby as soon as they are old enough (and that is when they are very little), often carrying it around on their backs nearly all day, so that they have little time for play. Then, too, their poor little bound feet make them very uncomfortable and wretched; and how can they have a good time? [For footbinding, see "Girls

in China," in "Mission Stories of Many Lands;" and for the Anti-footbinding Society, see LIFE AND LIGHT, January, 1892.]

II.—What Chinese Children are Taught.

1. About right and wrong conduct. Little children are not taught to obey their parents, to control their tempers, to be true, or to love one another. Every day they see their fathers and mothers fly into a rage over some trifle, and rave like madmen. They hear constantly those dreadful railing words which are so common in China, although the Chinese themselves consider railing very bad. Sometimes the great, ugly words are taught to the little children by their own fathers, just for the fun of hearing the baby lips try to say them, long before the children are old enough to know how bad they are; and so the habit is formed. Just so with falsehood. Many times women say to us: "Do you think it wrong to tell lies? We don't. Everybody tells lies." Of course the children learn it from babyhood.

They learn to gamble in the same way. Almost all their games are gambling games; and even the buying of cakes, candies, and other little things along the street is carried on by casting lots, with slips of bamboo shaken together in a case.

In the many homes where that terrible curse of opium smoking is found, the little ones learn that, too. With the smell of opium always about them they acquire an appetite for it (if they have not inherited such an appetite), which makes slaves of them all their lives. [See *Missionary Herald*, August, 1891.]

2. About honor to parents. That doesn't mean obedience. The Chinese say, "Never govern a child till he is nine or ten years old." So the children know they can get what they want by screaming for it, and of course they scream. Often a mother will bring a little sick child to the doctor for medicine, the child meanwhile eating a green apple or a cucumber; and when the doctor protests against giving the baby such things to eat, the mother answers, "Why! he cried for it!"

3. About religion. Chinese children are never taught anything about any god who loves them, for there is no such god known in China. There are hundreds and thousands of gods made of paper, wood, clay, stone, or other materials, some in the homes and some in the temples. In every home is the "kitchen god;" and the children are taught to worship that and any other gods they may have, for fear some dreadful thing may happen to them if they do not worship. There is no Sabbath in China, and, of course, no church or Sunday school; but the temples are open the 1st and 15th of each month, and any one may go there and worship if he chooses. Children are not

taught to pray, for prayer is not a part of their worship, usually, but only to burn sticks of incense and knock their heads on the ground before the idol.

III.—School Life.

There are many schools in China, but they are all for boys. They have no large, bright, cheery schoolrooms, but little, dark, dingy ones, where the boys sit all day long on high benches, without backs, swaying to and fro, and studying at the top of their voices. All study is a memory training, the boy's aim being to recite his book from beginning to end, without any regard to the meaning. At a later day the book is explained, and the explanation learned by heart. The great object in going to school is to learn the Confucian Classics, pass three examinations, take three degrees, and so be able to hold office. As girls cannot hold office, or be teachers, the parents think there can be no use in their learning to read; hence it has not been easy to establish girls' schools, though people are slowly changing their opinions, and there are a good many such schools nowadays. In all mission schools much Bible truth is taught, and in the higher schools the sciences and mathematics. [See LIFE AND LIGHT of October, 1890, and January, 1892.]

IV.—Christian Children in China.

There are a good many children in China who have learned to love Jesus, and some of them are anxious to work for him. The missionary society in the boys' school in Tung-cho has for years supported a boy in a school in Africa. When the society was first formed, the boys met to talk over means of getting money, and decided to give up the cakes of their Sabbath lunch, that the money might go into their society treasury. [For children's work, see the article "Little Boots," by Mrs. Beach, in LIFE AND LIGHT, January, 1891, and Miss Stanley's letter in *Missionary Herald* of June, 1892.]

[See in "Mission Stories in Many Lands," all the articles on China, for details on footbinding, day schools, religion, etc.; also *Missionary Herald*, October, 1891.]

Our Work at Home.

BIBLE READING.

"WHAT DOTTH THE LORD THY GOD REQUIRE OF THEE?"

WHILE our Lord was on earth, and subject to our human wants, he once asked a woman to give him water for his thirst. She was not a saintly woman, prepared by a holy life for "the great vision of the face of Christ."

She had not been trained like Anna in the Temple court, serving God with fastings and prayers night and day. Yet the Lord desired her service. Other women, too, ministered unto him of their substance. So now that he has passed into the heavens, and desires “the cup of loving service” only for his poor brethren and sisters left behind, he asks it of us women. What shall *we* give to the infinite Giver, who has only to open his hand to satisfy the desire of every living thing?

First of all, our love. He who loved us from everlasting, wants love. We might know that from our own hearts, which he made in his likeness. Earthly fathers, mothers, lovers, and friends may learn from their own longing the infinite yearning of the heart of God. He stoops from the eternal glory to ask a return of affection. He has promised the crown of life to them that love him; they shall be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and take diligent heed to do it. Keep yourselves in the love of God. See James i. 12; Judges v. 31; Deut. vi. 5; Josh. xxii. 5; Jude 21. But it is they who keep his commandments who really love him, and it is his commandment, clear and positive, that we send his gospel to every creature. See John xiv. 21; Mark xvi. 15.

Second, we are bound to give *thanks* to God, always and in everything. And the thankful heart is a happy heart, for it delights itself in the unspeakable mercies of God, even under crosses and afflictions, knowing that for his loving children there is always more to rejoice in than to grieve over. In the midnight of sorrow the true soul will arise to give thanks; nor will it be satisfied with offering its own solitary tribute, but will say to others, O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. And since this offering glorifies God, it will desire to spread the knowledge of his abundant grace to the uttermost parts of the earth, that the thanksgiving of many may redound to the glory of God. See Ps. xcii. 1; xli. 3; 1 Thess. v. 18; Ps. l. 23; Isa. xlii. 10, 12; 2 Cor. iv. 15 and ix. 12.

Third, God requires our service. His servants shall serve him. This is the high and perfect joy of heaven, but it is to begin now. We can only imagine the forms of that unresting and unwearied activity of the saints in light, but even here we are to give an undivided service to him whom we adore. And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to serve the Lord thy God? We are to serve him willingly, with our time, our prayers, and our substance, working for the cause on which his heart is set, and helping to bring in the kingdom of his dear Son,—the reign of righteousness and peace upon this sin-distracted earth. See Rev. xxiii. 3; Deut. x. 12.

POTBOUND MISSIONARIES.

BY MISS GREENFIELD, OF LUDIANA.

MAY I draw your attention to a natural law in the spiritual world,—a law that governs every living organism in God's kingdom; viz., the thing that lives must grow. If growth be checked or stopped, death in part or whole must follow.

Those of you who love flowers, and cultivate them either in window, garden, or greenhouse, know the delight of seeing some favorite plant develop,—the fresh, young, vigorous shoots clothed in spring freshness, the swelling buds, the exquisite blossom, filling the house with fragrance and your heart with a pure joy. But a time comes when your pet plant begins to droop, the leaves look lifeless, the half-opened buds cannot expand. In vain you water it and change its position. What is wrong? Alas! the root nourishment has failed. The plant has not room for its energies; it is potbound. You hasten to provide a larger pot and fresh mold, realizing that the very life of your lovely plant depends on free scope and fresh supplies. In other words, the law of life, which is growth, demands both sustenance and space. Should you not realize the need, the "thing of beauty," which should have been a continuing joy, will, if it does not actually die, remain stunted and dwarfed,—a miserable parody on what it might have been.

Now, will you follow me while I speak of "potbound missionaries"?

A girl in the fresh vigor of her young life offers herself to your Society, or some other kindred one, to go out as a missionary. You accept the offer, and with it the responsibility of standing between her and the Church as the medium pledged to supply her needs in the foreign field. You have planted a vigorous shoot. She enters on her life work, learns the language, loves the people. Houses and homes open to receive her, pupils multiply. After two years of hard work she finds her hands more than full. She asks for help, for a grant for a teacher; it may be, even, for another lady to share the work. But, alas! there are no funds, and no help forthcoming. The life she is laying down—aye, and is most willing to lay down for the Master—must be confined in narrow limits. She may not multiply her influence and usefulness fourfold by putting into the field trained native teachers. No; she is left to stagnate,—potbound.

Or, again, you send out a lady medical missionary, one whose sacred duty it is to help the sick and suffering, and so commend to them the love of Christ. It is not long before she finds the edges of her pot, especially if you have not first carefully considered her possible needs. Medicines, instruments, a dispensary, and, before long, a hospital, with assistants, matron,

and nurses,—all these will be urgently required to enable her to develop a work worthy the name of a medical mission. Deny her these, and you will look in vain for the flowers and fruit you thought to gather from this eminently Christlike branch of your work. Her work, too, will fall into the ranks of potbound missions.

Or, perhaps, you send out a lady to work among the villages,—to itinerate, visit in village homes, and preach the gospel; to start village schools, too, and gather the children in. She finds a wide field, and very soon a warm welcome. Home come letters telling of eager children ready to learn, and women anxious to hear, and she asks for—shall it be said? oh, reckless extravagance!—a horse and carriage to convey her from village to village, and funds to pay some school-teachers. Then she asks, too, for a Bible woman to go with her, to take up the gospel story when her voice fails; and one's voice does not unfrequently fail when preaching for an hour or two to a spellbound audience, seated not only on the ground in front of you, but on the roofs all around, who inadvertently send down a shower of dust and straws on your devoted head.

What, think you, will be her dismay when the letter goes back deploring that want of funds makes it impossible to comply with such exorbitant demands, and that she must confine herself to such work as her own unaided strength may accomplish?

O friends! that you could realize the longing that comes over us in the presence of those eager crowds, hanging on every word as we tell the old, old story of Jesus and his love; how we feel constrained, impelled, energized, to go forward! But we need your leave to grow.

Now, I am speaking advisedly when I say that the rate of progress in missionary work depends largely, under God's blessing, on the prayerful and practical sympathy of the Christian church at home. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." You must farm liberally if you wish a liberal return.

I wish I could feel sure that you are all in dead earnest about the work of preaching the gospel to every creature. How many of the present generation will you preach the gospel to? Are you all satisfied that you can claim exemption in God's sight from the great commission, "Go ye"? And if you can, does not your very exemption lay a double responsibility on you to strengthen those in the field? Are you only playing at missions by giving two hours a month to a working party, or the price of a new bonnet to the subscription list? Has the hopeless despair of the heathen world ever caused you a groan or a heartache, or one act of real self-denial? Dear

friends, the work of your missionaries is not merely interesting; it is heart-stirring.

I think if, for every missionary who is giving his or her life in the mission field, we had one missionary heart that was pouring itself out in full devotion to the same cause at home, we should not have to complain of potbound missions. And if every missionary collector, every member of our working parties, every subscriber, had a missionary heart,—a heart throbbing in sympathy with the heart-throbs of Jesus,—we should see the windows of heaven opened and such a blessing poured out that there should not be room to contain it.—*From "Female Missionary Intelligencer," England.*

LEAVES FROM OUR BRANCHES.

THE following suggestive items are taken from the Mission Circle report given at the annual meeting of the *Hampshire County Branch*: A young ladies' circle has twenty gentlemen as honorary members, who attend the meetings once a quarter, and contribute, besides paying a regular membership fee. At each monthly meeting a mission field is taken up for study. . . . It is a rule that every one present shall bring one or more items concerning the field. Some of the societies in small hill towns held their meeting mostly in the summer, "when the children can walk over the hills to the parsonage." In one of these meetings one of the boys had walked four miles over the hills to attend the meeting; another, two miles; the leader herself, three miles. In another circle there are several infant members, "whose mothers pay a membership fee," but who cannot be expected to attend the meetings. Let no one deem it irreverent if I mention that among the members is also a cat, a very good mouser, whose mistress pays a dollar into the treasury for her every year. A society of young ladies and gentlemen has meetings Sunday evenings, and "have been gratified to observe that the audiences are larger than the ordinary Sunday evening congregations." A children's mission circle "have found a way to make meetings interesting. Each child was provided with a short sketch of some missionary's life, written as if by the missionary herself. The children then learned and repeated these as if their own biographies, and all seemed to enjoy this 'playing missionaries' as much as one of their own games. To older people it was very touching to hear the childish voices begin, 'I am Mrs. Josephine Ballantine,' or, 'I am Joseph Hardy Neesonian,' or, 'I am Miss Nancy Jones,' and then go on to tell of trial and suffering for the cause of Christ.' In communities where long distances make frequent meetings almost an

possibility, it was suggested "that there may be concerted prayer without meeting; and there is a promise not only for the two or three who are gathered in His name, but also for those that are agreed as touching one thing."

The *Old Colony Branch* held its semiannual meeting at the Central Church, Fall River, June 15th. After the extremely hot days preceding, it seemed as if the cool day following was especially welcome. It gave us new zeal to enjoy the very interesting sessions.

Miss Child made us feel how much more money was needed, and some selections given at the roll call how much we might feel encouraged for our past efforts. The afternoon session was mostly occupied by the younger societies. Mrs. Cole, of Taunton, especially brought out the value of our missionary literature, and the real help it contained for each one of us. The exceeding difficulty of impressing on the minds of the Oriental young people the necessity of telling the truth, was ably presented by Miss Page, of Smyrna.

Each little girl present felt she would like to have a share in the Smyrna Kindergarten School that Miss Page told us about, and one glance into the bright, interested faces before us, made all present feel as if some shares would surely be taken. One could almost see the plans at work to secure the coveted five dollars, the amount of one share.

A selection, entitled "A Living Sacrifice," given by Miss Daisy Jubb, of Fall River, was full of the teaching that our Master wants our whole heart, not a part of it. Each piece spoken told us of the interest that is being taken in missions. Yet the cry still comes, "Come over and help us."

The meeting was full of inspiration, inciting us to greater effort, and with His help to attempt what seems like the impossible. We are glad to report such a goodly number present, and all felt grateful to our good president and the ladies who assisted her to make our programme so entertaining.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

September.—Thank-offering Meetings (see LIFE AND LIGHT for August).

October.—The Millions in China.

November.—The Gospel for Japanese Women.

December.—Mission Work in Papal Lands.

THE MILLIONS IN CHINA.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

1. BARRIERS to the entrance of Christianity. 2. Changes in Twenty-five years. 3. Influence of women for good or evil.

The subject for the month is so large it is useless to attempt to treat it in any way exhaustively. The first division is treated in an exceedingly interesting way in an essay read by Mrs. Arthur Smith, at the Shanghai Conference two years ago, "The Christian Training of the Women of the Church." It has been published as a leaflet (price 5 cents). Indeed, we do not know how half an hour could be better spent in a meeting than in reading the whole leaflet. Where this has been used brief descriptions could be given of some of the barriers, such as superstitions of the people, the difficulty of learning the language, national prejudice, suspicion of foreigners, descriptions of which will be found in any encyclopedia, and in almost any book on China, "the Middle Kingdom," by S. Wells Williams, and Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," being good authorities. "Chenma's Story," in LIFE AND LIGHT for March, 1885, gives a good illustration of prejudice overcome.

2. Changes in twenty-five years. A good account of changes in general is found in an article "Foreign Influence in China," by Rev. A. P. Parker, in the *Missionary Review* for February, 1892 (Funk & Wagnalls, 18 Astor Place, New York City). Changes in missionary work are given in a tract, "Missions of the American Board in China."

3. Influence of the women for good or evil, see article on page 401.

See also monthly leaflet, price one cent.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from June 18 to July 18, 1892.

MISS ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

MAINE.

<i>Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. W. S. Dana, Treas.	
Waterville, Willing Workers, 10, King's	
Sons, 11.50.	21 50
<i>Portland.</i> —Williston Ch., Light Bearers,	4 10
Total,	25 60

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>Dover.</i> —C. E. B.,	5 00
<i>Keene.</i> —Second Cong. Ch., Prim. Dep't,	6 00
<i>Manchester.</i> —Hattie J. Parkhurst,	5 00
<i>Nashua.</i> —Mrs. M. A. Wellman,	1 40
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Miss A. E. McIntire, Treas. Alstead, We Girls, 10;	
Bedford, Pres. Ch. S. S., 8, Ezra Carruth	

Barnes, const. L. M. Sarah Ella Barnes,	
25; Exeter, Aux., 5; Farmington, Aux.,	
5.75; Keene, First Ch., Aux., 23.25, M. B.,	
48; West Lebanon, Aux., 21.05; Man-	
chester, First Ch., Aux., 53.10, Miss I. G.	
Mack, const. L. M. Mrs. D. K. Mack, 25,	
First Ch., Miteboxes, 4.90; Orford, Aux.	
(of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. John Phelps)	
33.20; Pembroke, Friends, 9.50; Pier-	
mont, Aux., 5; Winchester, Aux., 15;	
Greeland, Aux., 27.50,	324 25

Total, 341 65

LEGACY.

Greenfield.—Legacy of Mrs. Sarah Holt, 650 00

VERMONT.

Co. Royalston.—Mrs. Susan H. Jones, 30 00
Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard,
 Treas. East Corinth, Aux., 3.70; Hart-
 ford, Aux., 32, M. C., 25; Jeffersonville,
 Aux., 5; Middlebury, King's Daughters,
 16.35; Newport, Aux., 14; St. Johnsbury,
 North Ch., Aux., 70, 166 05

Total, 196 05

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Mrs. C. E.
 Swett, Treas. West Medford, Aux.,
 8.25, Morning Star M. C., 15; Billerica,
 Aux., 13.50; Andover, Aux., 11.05; Lex-
 ington, Aux., 47; Lawrence, Aux., 61.24,
 A Friend, 5; Lexington, Aux., 20, 181 04
Ashfield.—A Friend, 65

Barnstable Branch.—Miss A. Snow, Treas.
 Yarmouth, Aux., 6; Falmouth, Aux.,
 41.37; Orleans, Aux., Self-Denial, 3.23, 50 60

Berkshire Branch.—Mrs. C. E. West, Treas.
 Adams, Memorial Band, 10; Dalton,
 Mrs. L. F. Crane, 100, Miss Clara L.
 Crane, 50; Great Barrington, Aux., 7.50;
 Housatonic, Aux., Thank Off., 18.71, 186 21

Boston.—A Friend, Self-Denial, 1 85

Essex South Branch.—Miss S. W. Clark,
 Treas. Lynn, First Ch., M. B., 10; Salem,
 So. Ch., Aux., Self-Denial, 28.75; Pea-
 body, Aux., Self-Denial, 4; Salem,
 Tabernacle Ch., Aux., Self-Denial, 9.25,
 Y. L. Aux., Self-Denial, 4.63; Lynnfield
 Centre, Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Miss
 Jennie Gerry, 3 Self-Denial), 25.70;
 Georgetown, Memorial Ch., Aux., 40;
 Beverly, Dane St. Ch., Aux., Self-Denial,
 10, 132 33

Everett.—A Friend, 2; Mrs. M. P. Allen, 5, 7 00

Hampshire Co. Branch.—Miss I. G. Clarke,
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 ton, Aux., 5; Northampton, First Ch.,
 div. 10, 20 00

Linden.—Mrs. S. A. Douse, 1 00

Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. E. H. Bigelow,
 Treas. Framingham, Jun. Aux., 13.13;
 South Framingham, Grove Ch., Jun. Y.
 P. S. C. E., 13; Lincoln, Aux., 15; Marl-
 boro, Aux., 25; Maynard, Mrs. L. A.
 Maynard, in memorial Fannie, Mary,
 Hattie, and Little Vickie, 8; Wellesley,
 Aux., 64.11, Self-Denial Offering, 18.25, 156 49

Norfolk and Pügrin Branch.—Mrs. Wil-
 son Tirrell, Jr., Treas. East Weymouth,
 Aux., Self-Denial, 12.50; Braintree, Aux.,
 4.47; Holbrook, Aux., Self-Denial, 13.07;
 Hingham, Aux., 18, 48 04

Northfield.—Friends, 1 40

North Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. A. R.
 Wheeler, Treas. Harvard, A Friend,
 Self-Denial, 3; Susie A. Davis, Self-
 Denial, 5; Concord, Aux., Self-Denial
 and special gifts, 48.20; Littleton, Aux.,
 10; Boxborough, Aux., 14; Concord, M.
 C., 5; Townsend, Aux., 4, 89 20

Springfield.—A Friend, 10 00

Springfield Branch.—Miss H. T. Bucking-
 ham, Treas. Holyoke, First Ch., Aux.,
 25; Longmeadow, Aux., Self-Denial,
 15.20; Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 150,
 Self-Denial, 69.98, South Ch., Aux., 41,
 Jun. Aux., 18; Palmer, Second Ch., Aux.,
 Self-Denial, 11.75; Westfield, Second
 Ch., Aux., Self-Denial, 12, 345 93

Suffolk Branch.—Miss Myra B. Child,
 Treas. B. C. M., 100; Allston, Aux.,
 70.78, Wide Awakes, 24.42; Auburndale,
 A Friend, Self-Denial, 5, Aux. (of wh.
 26.70 Self-Denial), 72.25, Y. L. M. C.
 (Self-Denial, 10.75), 49.75, Jun. Y. P. S.
 C. E., 5; Boston, Self-Denial, 1, Berkeley
 Temple, Aux. (of wh. 20 Self-Denial off.),
 25, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 36.50, Shawmut
 Branch, Willing Workers, 80, Shawmut
 Helpers, 6.65, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux. (of
 wh. 25 by M. C. W. const. L. M. Mrs.
 James B. Gordon), 56, Young People's
 F. M. Soe'y, 70.75, Central Ch., Aux. (of
 wh. 13.60 Self-Denial), 88.60; Brighton,
 Little Helpers, 5, Cheerful Workers, 5;
 Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 39.76;
 Cambridgeport, Prospect St. Ch., Aux.
 (of wh. 38.75 Self-Denial), 110.85, Bear-
 ers of Glad Tidings, 10; Chelsea, Third
 Ch., Aux., 34, Central Ch., Pilgrim M. B.,
 15; Dedham, Aux., Self-Denial, 64;
 Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux., 106.69;
 Jamaica Plain, Central Ch., Y. P. S. C.
 E., 25; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux. (of wh.
 25 const. L. M. Miss Miriam Trowbridge),
 190; Newton Highlands, Aux., 4; Nor-
 wood, Aux., 23.85; Revere, Aux., 15;
 Roxbury, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 54.55,
 Eliot Ch., Aux., Self-Denial, 92.50, Mis-
 sion Circles, 20.44; Somerville, Broadway
 Ch., Aux., Self-Denial, 13, Franklin St.
 Ch., Aux., 3.09; South Boston, Phillips
 Ch., Aux., 5; Walpole, Aux., Thank Off.
 and Self-Denial, 11; Waverly, Faithful
 Workers, 45; Wellesley Hills, Aux., 5;
 West Newton, Aux., 25; West Roxbury,
 Helping Hands, 5, 1,610 43

Wellesley College Christian Association, 200 00

West Newbury.—Mrs. Sarissa Goodwin,
 const. self L. M., 25 00

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. C. S. New-
 ton, Treas. Warren, Aux., 17, Y. L. M.
 C., 25; Royalton, Aux., 10; Gilbertville,
 Aux., Self-Denial, 16.11; Southbridge,
 Aux., 10; No. Brookfield, Aux., 17;
 Worcester, O. S. Ch., Aux., 62.60, Hope
 Ch., Aux., 10, Piedmont Ch., Aux., 71.49,
 Umon Ch., Aux., 93.88, Park Ch., Aux.
 (of wh. 7.70 Self-Denial), 21; Lancaster,
 Y. L. Soe'y, 20; Leicester, Aux., special
 gift, 26; Webster, Aux., Self-Denial,
 48.50; Ware, Aux., const. L. M's Mrs. G.
 B. Cutter, Mrs. Frank Basset, Mrs.
 John Yale, Mrs. E. W. Hill, Mrs. Asa
 Breckenridge, Mrs. Andrew Bryson,
 Miss Sylvia Hyde, Miss Helen Bond,
 187.93; Gardner, Aux., Self-Denial, 25;
 Millbury, Second Ch. (of wh. 25 const.
 L. M. Mrs. Alice Pettee Eastman, 139,
 Infant S. S. Class, 2, 802 54

Total, 3,869 68

LEGACIES.

Agawam, Springfield Branch.—Legacy of
 Sarah J. Fowler, const. L. M's Mrs.
 Ralph Perry and Miss Carrie L. Leonard, 50 00

Dorchester.—Legacy of Mrs. Eleanor J.
 W. Baker, 5,000 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss V. T. White,
 Treas. Providence, Beneficial Ch.,
 Aux., 227.75, Little Pilgrims, 30, North
 Ch., M. C., 20, Academy Ave., M. B.,
 5.12; Elmwood, Workers, 30, Free Ch.,

Aux., 50.35, Central Ch., C. G. M. C., 40; Saylesville, Missy's Helpers, 10; East Providence, United Helpers, 46.69; Central Falls, Aux., 26.75,

486 96

Total, 486 96

CONNECTICUT.

Eastern Conn. Branch.—Miss M. I. Lockwood, Treas. Hampton, Aux., 4.50; Groton, Cong. Ch., S. S., 11.79; Williamantic, Aux., 23; East Lyme, Aux., 9.25; Danielsonville, Cong. Ch., 20.83; New London, Second Ch., Y. L. Guild, 10; Thompson, Aux., 24.30; Greenville, Aux., 25 cts.; Norwich, Broadway Ch., Y. L. Aux., 50, Park Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Julia A. W. Wallner), 75,

228 92

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. G. R. Shepherd, Treas. Burnside, Long Hill M. C., 12; Canton Centre, Aux., 16.81; Ellington, Aux., 20; Glastonbury, Aux., 15; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., 1, Centre Ch., Aux., 10.25, M. C., 60, Park-Ch., Aux., 2, Friends, 4; South Coventry, Aux., 22; South Windsor, M. C., 20,

183 06

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Ansonia, S. C. E., 5.50; Branford, S. C. E., 15; Bridgeport, Olivet Ch., B. B., 20, South Ch., S. C. E., 60; Cromwell, S. C. E., 5; Danbury, First Ch., Y. L. M. C., 40, S. C. E., 10, West St. Ch., W. T., 5.38, S. C. E., 1; East Haven, Y. L. M. C., 11; Essex, M. W., 10; Green's Farms, Aux., 27.55; Guilford, Third Ch., S. C. E., 12; Harwinton, S. C. E., 5; Lakeville, S. C. E., 5; Middletown, First Ch., Gleaners, 60, M. H., 25, T. T. One, 6, Cradle Roll, 2.25, S. C. E., 25, Mrs. Dyer's B. C., 8; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 37.80, Y. L. M. C., 125, Y. P. Socy., 20.35, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 1, B. B., 3, College St. Ch., Aux., 3.50, S. C. E., 25, Davenport Ch., B. B., 5, Dixwell Ave. Ch., S. C. E., 8, Dwight Place Ch., Aux., 118.05, F. M. C., 25, S. C. E., 12.24, English Hall, M. C., 5, Grand Ave., Y. L. M. C., 40, Helpers, 25, Humphrey St., Y. L. M. C., 28.50, S. C. E., 20, United Ch., Y. L. M. C., 30, Mrs. Cady's School, M. C., 5.03, S. C. E., 50, S. S., 30, Yale College Ch., Aux., 2; New Milford, V. W. A., 30, G. L., 18; North Haven, S. C. E., 10; North Madison, Aux., 14.88; Norwalk, D. K., 30, S. S. Circles, 30, Mrs. Mead's School, 1.50; Redding, R. F., 16.41; Ridgefield, S. F., 21; Roxbury, M. F., 20; Saybrook, S. C. E., 4; Stamford, T. H., 30; Stratford, Alpha B., 13, S. C. E., 3; Wallingford, Aux., 2, S. C. E., 25.20; Waterbury, Second Ch., Aux., 1; Watertown, S. W., 5; West Haven, S. C. E., 21.75; Westport, Aux., 40; Whitneyville, S. C. E., 14; Wilton, T. M., 1; Winsted, Second Ch., S. S., 50, M. B., 30, S. C. E., 18.13; Woodbury, First Ch., V. G., 15,

1,443 02

Total, 1,855 00

NEW YORK.

Butting Hollow.—Mrs. Wm. E. Newton, 10 00
Honeoye.—Mrs. L. F. Kitts, 3 00
Poughkeepsie.—Mrs. C. M. Buck, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Lydia G. Maynard, 5 00
New York Branch.—Miss C. A. Holmes, Treas. Collection at Annual Meeting,

27; Albaux, First Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 12.50; Brooklyn, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 100, Plymouth Ch., Y. L. Guild, 10, Park Ch., Aux., 30; Buffalo, through Mrs. F. S. Fitch, from Young Women of Walnut Hills Ch., Cincinnati, 10; Cambria, Ch., 3.35; Fairport, Aux., 30; Little Valley, Aux., 5; Madison, Aux., 26; North Walton, Aux., 21; Napoli, Aux., 12, S. S., 2.50; Saratoga Springs, New England Ch., Aux., 12; Oxford, Aux., 20 (Expenses, 321.35 less); Collections at Lockport, 1; Churchville, 2; Jamestown, 5; Randolph, 9.14; Albany, Aux., 106; Brooklyn, Evangel Circle, King's Daughters, Lewis Ave. Ch., 12, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., 50; Buffalo, First Ch., Aux., 30; Canandaigua, Aux., 400; Copenhagen, Aux., 26; East Bloomfield, Aux., 15.16; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 44; Fairport, Aux. (prev. contri. const. L. M. M. Gretchen Schummers), 20; Gaines, Mr. Sterling, 2; Norwich, Y. P. S. C. E., 25; Poughkeepsie, Y. P. S. C. E., 25; Syracuse, Geddes Ch., Willing Workers, 15,

787 3

Total, 805 3

NEW JERSEY.

Bridgeton.—Miss L. W. Wood, 17 00

Total, 17 00

LEGACY.

Jersey City.—Legacy of Mrs. Emelie Austin, 1,000 00

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. New Jersey, Upper Moutclair, Aux., 4 00

Total, 4 00

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston.—Plymouth Cong. Ch., W. M. S., 2 00

Total, 2 00

OHIO.

Cleveland.—A Friend, Self-Denial, 2 00
Medina.—Mary L. Phillips, Self-Denial, 3 A Friend, 40 cts., 3 40

Total, 5 40

WISCONSIN.

Beloit.—First Cong. Ch., W. M. S., 1 25
Oak Centre.—Mrs. S. B. Howard, 5 00

Total, 6 25

CANADA.

Granby, Quebec.—Mrs. Orpha A. Miner, 3 00

Total, 3 00

FOREIGN LANDS.

England, Chigwell.—Miss S. L. Ropes, 25 00

Total, 25 00

General Funds, 7,642 89
 Variety Account, 27 34
 Legacies, 6,700 00

Total, \$14,371 13

MISS HARRIET W. MAY,
 Ass't Treas.



SARAL.

BY MRS. JAMES C. PERKINS.

This sweet story was written by Mrs. James C. Perkins, the wife of our missionary in Mandapasalai, South India, and is a touching chapter from her own experience. Fifteen dollars a year is all that is needed to rescue such jewels as these from the dust of heathen degradation and superstition. Shall we withhold this small amount?

It was a hot day in Southern India,—hot even on the roads shaded by the widespreading banyans, but hotter still on the long stretch of sand that lay between the low line of hills. The only sign of life for miles was a bandy, moving along midway between the hills. Finally it turned off the road, crossed a stream, and entered a grove of cocoanut trees. Straight and tall, they shot up into the air like pillars, their tufted heads so close together the sun could only penetrate in tiny beams. Here the bandy stopped, and a missionary and his wife climbed down.

“Well, the worst part of the journey is over; it has taken us six hours to travel these twelve miles,” said the gentleman. “Yes,” answered the lady, with a sigh; “but we must go back over the same road, and I am so lame and tired I feel as if I should never be able to walk again.”

A servant in the meantime had opened a door in the bottom of the bandy, and had taken from it a large willow food box, two folding chairs, a folding table, and a little oil stove. In a very short time the grove was changed into a dining room, and the lunch was ready.

The repast over, the chairs and table were folded up and put back into the bandy, and they continued their journey; this time past villages, whose pointed thatched roofs were seen above the low trees.

A servant had been sent before them to set up the tent, and the missionary and his wife were glad to reach their destination.

“Shall you go out to-night?” asked the wife. The husband was silent a moment. He was very tired after the heat and wearisome jolting of the day, but at last he said, “I am always afraid to delay, for I may lose an opportunity of reaching some soul who may not come another night.”

Most of the work in India is done at night with a sciopticon. "Assiara than better go and arrange the canvas in a place near the temple, it is getting so late." After they had finished dinner they started out past the dusky figures crowding round the door of the tent, and down through the town, the crowd following them increasing at every step. The doors of the houses were filled with beautiful, dark-eyed women, with bright cloths draped gracefully over their shoulders, while ghostly figures completely enveloped in white lay stretched out asleep on the ground. When the missionary and his wife reached the temple the white canvas was in its place, and near it the baby organ. The lady sat down and began to play and sing one of the native airs. The people drew nearer, when suddenly on the great white sheet appeared two bright figures, representing Jesus at the well and the woman of Samaria. The women now began to approach, and whisper, and point. The missionary then told them the story in a few simple words. The picture suddenly disappeared, and another took its place. The same kind face, with the sick, lame, and blind gathered around Him. Again the missionary spoke, and said, "He loved the people so deeply that he cured their diseases: even lepers were made clean." At this point a man on the outside of the crowd, with the fatal white spots, drew nearer. "Where is he now?" he asked, eagerly. The picture of the crucifixion appeared, and the missionary continued, "His own people hated him, and stoned him, and finally nailed him to a cross; but he rose from the dead, and is now with his Father in heaven, waiting for those who love him and believe in him." Then he showed them Christ raising Jairus' daughter, and told them Jesus loved the little girls as much as he did the boys, and brought this one to life again; and many a mother, whose heart still ached for the little daughter who had been so unwelcome at first and had passed away unnoticed, shed tears.

All this time the lady had been watching a child, with large, earnest eyes, standing near her, listening intently to all that was said, and who had crept nearer and nearer, and at last stood beside the organ. When the gentlemen had finished speaking she said to the little girl, "Would you not like to come to my school?" Saral opened her eyes wide at this. Her idea of school was a noisy place on a porch, where the teacher spent most of his time talking to the passers-by. But what must it be to go to school to this lady with the kind face! Still, Saral was too shy to say anything, so the lady turned to a man who had joined them and said he was her father.

"Will you let your little girl come to my school?" she asked.

"She doesn't need to learn," he replied. "Girls do not need reading to make them good wives, and she is married already."

"But we teach them other things, besides," said the missionary. "See his;" and she took from her satchel a butterfly pricked on cardboard, and sewed on with bright colors; "a little girl no larger than yours made this."

The man began to look interested. How his neighbors would envy him the possession of a picture like that! Then he said, "But I have so many children, and no money to send a girl to school."

"I have some money," said the lady, eagerly, "that a band of girls at home sent me to support some one with, and I will pay for your daughter with it."

"But we do not belong in this town," answered the man, "and we go back to our little village to-morrow; and how can she get to your school?"

"Some one may be coming that way in January, and they could bring her," the lady suggested.

The months had passed away, and the lady had almost forgotten her weary journey to the town among the mountains, when one day in January a man, followed by a little girl, came up the veranda, and she remembered at once the large, earnest eyes and the pretty, dark face. "I was coming this way," said the man, "and Saral's father asked me to bring her to the mission school."

What a new life opened out to the child so used to the wickedness of a heathen village,—The prayers in the morning, the hours with her books in the clean, whitewashed schoolroom, and the afternoons in the veranda of the cool bungalow, when they sewed together the bright-colored patchwork sent to them by the mission band who were paying for her! Then there was Sunday. Saral had never known a day like Sunday, when all work was put away, and they were dressed in little jackets and clean white clothes and taken to church, where they heard such beautiful stories.

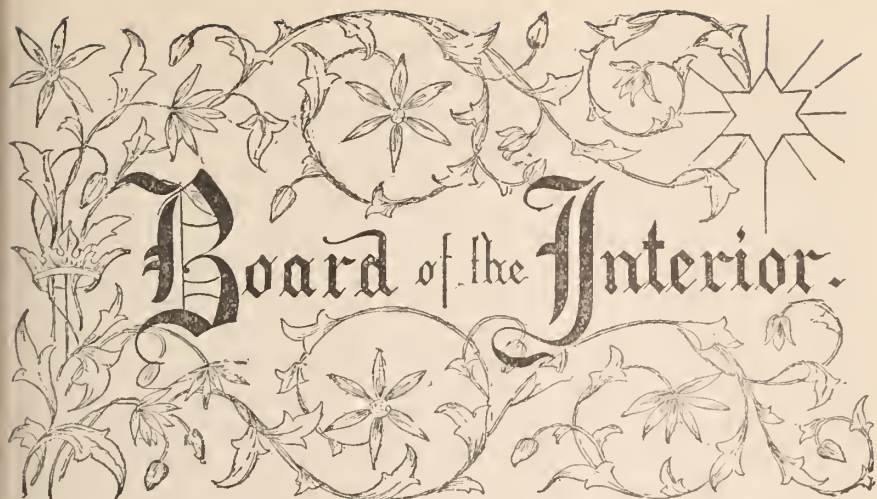
Saral told dreadful lies at first, but after each one the lady took her into her own room and talked to her, and taught her how to pray to her Father in heaven, who would help her overcome her faults; and soon she became one of the most conscientious girls in school. At the end of the term she returned home with a little quilt made of the patchwork she had stitched together, and some pretty pictures sewed on the pricked cards.

When it was time to return to school there was no one to take her, and Saral cried much over it. At last the old grandmother said, "I will take her." She had been watching her little granddaughter for days. When Saral took her rice and curry the grandmother saw her bow her head. "Why do you do so?" she asked. "I am asking God to bless my food; they do so at our school," replied Saral. At night Saral was seen on her knees, and again she was asked, "Why do you do so?" "I am asking God to take care of me while I sleep," she said. The old grandmother thought over all

these things. She saw how Saral helped to clean the brass vessels without grumbling, and how she played with the baby brother when he was cross, and she said to herself, "That is a good place, that school. I will take her." So they started off on their long journey, part of the way riding in a cart, and sometimes walking, while they spent the nights in the rest houses along the road. When they reached the mission school the grandmother stayed a few days. She saw the girls at work and heard them sing. Then she went back to her village, and thought over all she had seen. Saral had been at school one year, and it was again vacation. The lady called her to her room and said, "You must think of this verse when you are away: 'I have called thee by thy name.' Though there are so many people in your village, still He knows you, and calls you by your own name, just as I call my little girls, and he says, 'Thou art mine.'" Saral went home.

The vacation was over and the veranda was once more filled with busy little needle women, but Saral had not come. "She is waiting for some one to bring her," thought the lady. But not long after this she saw Saral's grandmother walking slowly up the road; she came upon the veranda and threw herself down before the missionary's wife, sobbing bitterly. At last she said, "Saral is dead; it was the cholera. She was well in the morning, and at night she was dead. She told me to tell you He called her by name, and she had gone to Him. And now," said the old woman, rising, "I want you to tell me about Him—why Saral was so good and patient, and why she was so glad to go to Him." Deeply affected, they told her.

In a few months the grandmother went home, but she went back a Bible-woman. The year after, the missionary and his wife again traveled over the stretch of heavy sand between the low line of hills to the village where Saral died, and in the midst of all the wickedness and idolatry they found a little band ready to give up their heathen rites and follow Christ. When they returned to their tent at night, the lady said to her husband, "Do you remember the time you showed the pictures when we first saw Saral?" "Yes." "Do you remember what you said to me when I asked if you were going to hold your meeting just after we arrived?" "No, I do not." "You said you always feared to lose an opportunity, lest you might miss some one you could not reach again. Had we remained at home that evening we would have missed Saral, for she left the town next day with her father, and we would never have seen her, nor her grandmother, and perhaps it would have been years before we could have gotten any hold upon this people." And the minister answered softly, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall be alike good."



SOME MEXICAN TEACHERS.

BY MISS NELLIE PRESCOTT, OF CHIHUAHUA.

You ask me to tell you something about our girls. Last December, the day after closing our school here, I started with one of our girls, named Josefa, for Zaragoza. We rode half a day on a train and a day and a half by stage. The people in Zaragoza were very glad to see us, and to know that the teacher so long desired was on the ground. Josefa has been in our school here for about six years. She taught six months during that time in Atotonilco, and has been an assistant for some time in the school here. She has taken music most of the time, and plays hymns very well on the organ. The church in Zaragoza has bought a baby organ, so she will have an opportunity to assist in the services by playing. A room was given by one of the "hermanos" for the use of the school. It is the same one used for church services, and the seats used for the church are the school seats. A table with legs sawed off is used for writing. The first day of school eighteen were enrolled, but in Josefa's report sent me last month there were twenty-eight in attendance. I stayed with her one day at the beginning, and left her with programme and all the necessities for teaching that we could afford.

Zaragoza is quite a fanatical town, and it has been almost impossible for our children of Christian parents to attend the public schools. The town is sixty miles from Parral, and as Mr. Case is the only missionary near enough to reach the place, he tries to visit it every three months. The brethren keep up their services as best they can, and we hope our school and teacher will help and encourage the church and people. Josefa will stay a year before coming home to visit her parents.

Another of our girls from here is teaching in my school in Parral. I received word to-day that she was doing well, and seemed happy. She also teaches in the church room, but has school benches. Her name is Laura. She is supported by the New Haven Branch. She was in the school here two years, and taught one year in Atotonilco before going to Parral. She is a good, faithful Christian. In her last report she said she had reorganized the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, and that all were interested in making it a success. In Las Cuevas we have a school of over forty children taught by one of our girls. Our fourth teacher is at Atotonilco, and her school is different from the others in this way,—the children are not from our families, but from outsiders. The parents are liberal in their religious views, and wish their children to have a good education. There is no other girls' school in the town, and there are several boys who have left a school very good for Mexico to attend ours. None of our teachers have gone out as graduates, as there is no lawful provision made for graduating them as yet. When this can be done it will be a great help to them in their future teaching. I would like to tell you of our Christian Endeavor Society, but to-morrow is Sunday, and my three services—four every second Sunday—demand my time.

INDIA.

ONE GLIMPSE AT MEDICAL EVANGELISTIC WORK IN MADURA.

MY DEAR GIRLS: I want you to-day to go back with me to the old Madura home, to visit the dispensary, where you will find Miss Root and our dear Annal at work. You remember my Annal. Now, you see her tall, lithe, attractive in face, charming in manner,—“Miss Minnie's” right hand; in her own humble estimate, “only your poor widow, Annal.” Quietly she seats herself at Miss Minnie's feet, and with open Bible waits for the slightest signal that she may help.

Close up to us, touching their hands gently on our dresses, draw the native women, some with weary eyes and aching heads and hearts, some shrinking back,—the widows with white or sad-colored robes, with shaved heads, and without a jewel in a land of jewels. Here a baby creeps up, loathsome with skin disease; and there, in his mother's arms, moans a baby burning with the fever of smallpox: and now, ah me! you can see the nearly blind leper come to hear of Him who touched lepers. There, too, is the happy leper, newly clad in the cloth we gave her, and she kneels before us to lay her head upon the feet of one who loves her. Gayly dressed and

bejeweled women saunter in with a bright "*Salaam, Ammah*"; and after a hasty glance at them I whisper to you, "That one is a Brahmin; this one, a dancing girl." And you will gaze curiously at the two, with a little feeling of awe for the woman of position, and a feeling sad, and yet admiring, for the beautiful dancing girl, and you will wonder how I can tell them apart. And now there creeps in silently one draped from head to feet in white, and with her a brilliant-looking girl, with softest of silk trousers, with exquisitely embroidered jacket, and with a bewitching gauze silk and gold scarf half veiling her face, with its setting in jewels, and I whisper again: "A Mohammedan woman and child,—*gosha*. See how she veils her face. No man may see it. See, that closed cart which has been backed up to the veranda is hers." And so they come,—the rich and the poor, some for medicine, a few to hear about Jesus, till the room is filled and overflows; and outside, keeping keen eyes and ears open for all that goes on inside, crouch the men and servants who have come with the women.

The room is close, in spite of the open doors and windows. So many are chewing the betel leaf and areca nut, that its nauseating odor fills the air. It grows heavy, too, with the jessamine and oleanders in the hair of the women. Outside, all the world lies still and quivering,—a furnace heat; and the old, toothless women within droop their heads and take little naps as the lesson goes on.

There are "Jesus pictures" on the wall, and then on the blackboard is something in quaint writing that you cannot understand. The newcomers grow restless as the moments fly by, and they are not called to see the doctor. Some whisper; others creep up and away to the door, to make sure that the doctor (*ammah*) is still there. Then, as often, a poor frightened baby cries, and they jump up and run to see what is the matter; for anybody's business is everybody's business. Annal or Elsie quietly draws them back, and the lesson goes on, interrupted as the women are one by one called in to see the doctor. It requires much patience on the teacher's part, for the story must be told over and over again; sometimes one lesson, sometimes another, but always the "good tidings." How precious the familiar words, though in a strange country and in a strange tongue, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Whosoever"—even women! even any woman! even old women! even so stupid women! even outcast women! Eager eyes look up. We feel that a glimmer of light has come to that dark heart, and we listen, only to hear this: "How many children has she? None! How long has she been married?" "Hush!" says the Bible woman; "listen now; she will tell you by and by." And the

poor soul who perhaps finally grasps only one thought,—that one named Jesus can help even her “in times of hopeless trouble,”—tries to pay attention as she ponders over the strange sight of one so old, so wise, one who can read anything, being still unmarried.

Another by and by whispers, “Is it true that she is not married? Is she a good woman?” and we smile as we catch the whispered answer, “Good! pure! O yes; but hush—listen; their ways are not like ours; they do not have the custom to marry; they are very wise women!” Then “Miss Minnie” takes out the roll of colored Bible pictures, and the attention of all is called to that, and they chatter and wonder, and the old precious stories are told, and always something is said for Jesus. And then—does it strike you as a small thing, and not worthy of the teacher?—she sits down with them and answers their childish questions. She allows them to express their wonder that she walks alone, that she has no husband, no children; and perhaps, if it seems best, she may tell them of the father who has been called away since she left home, and their hearts grow tender; “a feeling of sadness and longing” creeps over the little company as they hear of the beautiful hope that because this Jesus suffered and rose, so he too, having partaken of the suffering, will rise, too, to partake of the consolation. Bright, cheery, joyous, and yet no husband, no sons, no father even,—the longing grows deeper to know the secret of such strength. She turns to them: “Tell me, dear friends, of your lives; most of you have husbands, have sons, have fathers!” And the sad widows creep nearer and tell of the hard things in their lives, and the little wife, with sobs, confides to her that she has “no baby,” and her husband is very angry, and is going to put her away; and another woman may show the bruises on her body, caused by the blows given by an angry husband because the rice was soggy, or there was too little salt. She has a word of comfort, encouragement, or fun, sometimes, for each; and then asks perhaps about the children, about the boys in school, and then if they have any girls, and if they, too, go to school. This starts the tongues again, and one tells of a daughter who is still in school, though she wears the *tahli* (marriage token), and a good-natured mother-in-law tells how the little bride in her house reads from a “Jesus book.” Some one else tells of the leaflets, the “portions” of John, Psalms, Proverbs, that her little girl brings home and reads to them. A quiet little woman with sparkling eyes may then push forward a tiny maiden; and how erect and proud the mother is as her child reads so clearly, and perhaps even sings from the “Missy Annmah’s” books. And then comes the suggestion, quietly, but confidently, “You, too, might read; would you not be proud if you could read as this little girl (and she puts her arm lovingly around her) has done?”

“O yes; but I cannot learn; I am very stupid; I don't know anything. I am only a woman!”

“Look,” says Miss Minnie, “look carefully at that word on the black-board;” and the women all look. “That says *Yesu*; you all know *Yesu*.” And then perhaps she will have the women find the *Jesus* name in the Book. Eagerly now some of these women will second the suggestion that the lady shall come to her house and teach her. From a handful of reading women has grown a large house-to-house work. I cannot tell you of this now, but I have it in mind to send a letter about that to the girls who read *Mission Studies*; and, as *entre nous*, that is a very bright paper, I advise all you LIFE AND LIGHT girls to subscribe at once for the *Mission Studies*,—59 Dearborn Street, Chicago. I get no commission on this suggestion, and so hope many of you will profit thereby.

And now, wearied, perhaps, your evangelist goes home and studies for an hour, perhaps in working up a Bible lesson in the hard, strange language. At about half-past eleven she sits down to breakfast, having worked till this time sustained by our *choto hazte*, or little breakfast.

This, dear girls, is the smallest part of the work which Miss Root, or any other Bible worker like her, is doing. But for the details of the house-to-house visits, the touring, camping, and other work, I refer you to *Mission Studies*.

As ever, affectionately yours,

PAULINE ROOT.

CHINA.

A LETTER FROM MISS ADA HAVEN.

A SUDDEN DEATH IN THE BRIDGMAN SCHOOL, PEKING.

JUNE 5, 1891.

WHEN the last mail left, I was caught in just such a whirl of circumstances as often takes up all one's time. Now, the whirring has stopped, and a sudden silence has come. Life goes whirling on outside my house, but I sit in the silence of death. This morning Miss Chapin called me to look at one of the girls, “the little saint,” as we used to call her among ourselves. She was all right last night, playing with the other children on the terrace. But this morning she seemed to be in a stupor. We could not understand it, and Miss Chapin decided to send for Dr. Taylor. Dr. Murdoch left us two weeks ago. After breakfast Miss Chapin went to her again, and while looking at her was shocked to see her gasp, and stop breathing. Mrs. Chapin ran for me, and we worked over her, giving her aromatic spirits of ammonia, etc., but it seemed evident from the first that she was dead. Still, we worked over her till the doctor came. He said she was unmistakably dead. I had her carried to my room, and have been here ever since, except

going to lunch. One coffin has come, but so poor that we sent it away. We sent for the old teacher, Chao, as soon as the doctor had said there was no hope. The child was a niece of his wife, or else the daughter of his wife's niece. Her mother had been a pupil in the school a short time in its early days.

Chao and his wife came, and told us how to send for the mother. Afterward the child's brother came, as the mother had not respectable clothes to come in. But as he was only a child himself, we sent him back for the mother, that arrangements might be made for the burial. The mother borrowed clothes and came, bringing in her arms a child of three or four, who screamed the entire time. The mother herself commenced to wail, too, so on the whole it was rather hard to make arrangements. She said she did not dare do anything herself. She must consult her husband, and do it carefully, for he was a man it would not do to anger. Mrs. Chao had already said of Men Hsiu, the child, that she used to exhort him not to beat her mother, and to try to soothe his anger when he attempted to cut her mother with a knife.

June 11th.—Everything went off very smoothly, in spite of our fears. The father came at last, and, standing by the coffin, howled a little, till told by those who brought him that he had done the subject justice, and that it was the child's fate to die. Then he sat down to make arrangements, which he did very quietly. They had a burying ground; but as he had not money enough to bury her himself, he was glad to let us manage the whole affair. We did not have the coffin nailed up till the next day, Sunday.

Spite of the doctor's verdict, I could not feel quite sure the child was dead. That was partly the reason I wished to have her in my room. There still seemed to be some signs of life. But the next morning I had no doubt whatever. The funeral was Monday. Just as we got out of our carts at the grave it commenced raining, and rained very hard, stopping just as we got in again.

I am in my house, and have things arranged so as to be comfortable, and I take the time every day before breakfast to do something toward settling. All I unpacked at first will have to be settled again (after painting the house, etc.), for I like to have things classified. I am much enjoying the daily approach to order after living in trunks for the last year and a half.

REVIVAL WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[We are permitted to publish a letter from Rev. C. N. Ransom to one of his classmates at home, which shows that the same methods which bring souls to Christ at home, win many poor heathen. The opening sentences refer to a gift of money sent from the little church at home. May many churches here gain the same interest on their money.—Ed.]

AIMHALONGA, May 9, 1892.

DEAR C.: We and the church here pray for you, and we will hope that the prayerful interest on your money will lead your church to feel that it was money gloriously invested. It would warm a lukewarm giver's heart to hear

he people at times praising God for their teachers and friends in America. How kind God is in giving us the pleasure of putting in a stone or two into the foundation work of his great enterprises!

Since the first of February (January 21st) we have been in this little station, a kind of middle station between Durban and Umzumbe. Mr. Pixley, the veteran of our band, began his mission work here, and the grave of his little one is not so far away. McKinney and Bryant also labored here. Bryant wrote many of our Zulu hymns. The church has long been without a settled missionary; but they have kept alive, and partly support their own native pastor. They are so appreciative of help. We are in a little stone cottage,—cement floor, mud plaster for walls, little fireplace. We are on top of a high hill commanding a glorious view of the ocean and the undulating lowlands between us and the sea; while to the west the land rises to a higher plateau, broken by one of those comely table mountains so characteristic of this country. We are about two miles from any white neighbor; eight miles from a town. The chapel is in the same inclosure as the house, and the schoolhouse is about fifteen minutes' walk across the ravine. One room is papered, and this and the dining room have matting on the floor. There are strips of matting in the room above, where we sleep. Our American outfit still lies in Durban; so our present surroundings are comfortable, but by no means extravagant.

Two little schoolboys take care of the horses, bring wood and water, etc., but we have no other help. All our water for two weeks has been brought from a spring, and has to be boiled before use (table use). We get fresh meat twice a week, milk daily. A neighbor has been very kind in sending us a little fruit almost daily.

We have been hammering away at the language, and can see some progress. I try to say something at every meeting. Mrs. R. often leads the mothers' meeting. If I get too warm, I sometimes just break right out into English, and let them get the spirit of my remarks, which spirit longs to break the manacles of my ignorant tongue. We are just now in the midst of a great blessing,—daily sunrise prayer meetings (think of it, and we have breakfast before sunrise), and the evidence that God's Spirit is working on the hearts of many people. Mr. Wilcox spent two weeks with us, and labored earnestly and successfully. Two meetings every day, visiting from hut to hut and from kraal to kraal, faithful preaching and earnest prayer, brought the natural results.

Our little chapel was built to hold two hundred, and the average Sunday congregation has been between eighty and one hundred; but the first Sunday Mr. W. was here two hundred and twenty came, the second Sunday two hundred and forty, and the majority of these pure heathen—naked, absolutely naked children; young lads extravagantly adorned with feathers, beads, monkey skins, armlets, leglets and other heathen paraphernalia; hardened old heathen men, women, and girls painted and variously attired; such a congregation sitting quietly and listening to the Word of Life to the thought developed from the text, "Not far from the kingdom."

The afternoon meeting we held in the open air, though it was very windy. Then an inquiry meeting in the church; forty-four entered and confessed

Christ, and at least thirty-five of these were heathen, some in rags and some in paint and mud. Each one gave his name to be written down, and promised to give up certain prominent sins. How glad I was when I had persuaded two bright young fellows to go in, and to give up their wicked customs, and choose Christ for their leader. Our hearts all overflowed with joy, though tinged with sadness and solicitude, for these little ones are very weak. Such a step is a great step, often an immeasurable step, but they are steeped in darkness. Some will meet petty persecution; one girl expected to be whipped when she reached home; all will be laughed at, all will be terribly tempted; but God, who begins the good work, is able to carry it on by his Holy Spirit. And the fire is spreading; a week's work at Ididudu resulted in a blessing,—nine confessed Christ, two white men among them, one of whom has been a great drunkard. At Elliagharns, another outstation, the people are awakening. One of the most prominent men of the section, the son of a chief, has confessed Christ. He is an old man, and his sons have hidden his books, and are trying to drag him back to heathenism.

The movement has happily been characterized by reformation of church members; cold hearts begin to burn: one gives up snuff,—in fact many have given up this besetting sin; others have confessed besetting sins; the *nidnna*, or chief man of the station, is going about from kraal to kraal teaching and awakening the people. He said this morning the heathen people all about are speaking of being "afraid of God." He said it was a time to work, just as when the rains came and softened the earth it was the time to plough, and sweat, and take advantage of God's gift. At Umtwalume they are holding daily morning meetings; the schools at Inanda and Amanzimtote are quite alive in earnest Christian work. The shadows about us are black as hell, but just now the light is breaking gloriously. Wish you could have gone with us last Friday to a poor miserable kraal hut where a young man was dying from a loathsome cancer, and heard him confess his faith; you would have rejoiced with us in the thought that he left this poor body that day and the awful associations of his home here, to enter the magnificent mansion of his Redeemer. What is a million of dollars compared with the salvation of one such soul! May no church at home rest easy till it sends out one missionary or the equivalent every year.

C. N. RANSOM.

Home Department.

STUDIES IN MISSIONS.

REASONS FOR THANKSGIVING.

THOUGH no sweeping revivals have occurred in our own mission fields the past year, yet may we come to our feast of ingathering rejoicing that many a blossom of spiritual interest, and many an armful of rich, spiritual fruit and ripened grain has been gathered. Last year our facts were disposed by countries. This year, to give variety, we have arranged them by topics,

uitable for papers, talks, or separate items, if it be desired to have many take part in the meeting.

For this Wonderful Century of Missionary Progress, beginning with Carey's sermon in 1792. This is a world-wide theme, including the growth of interest at home, as well as the results in all lands, by all denominations. See the *Mission Studies*, May, 1892, page 95, and July, page 128, *Missionary Review*, May, 1892.

Growth of Missionary Interest at Home: (1) In the Societies of Christian Endeavor. Let thanks be given for the increased opportunities afforded by such societies. See reports of the New York meeting. (2) Growth of Interest in the Student Volunteer Movement. (3) Enlargement of the International Missionary Union, with all its helpful influences. See *Mission Studies*, August, 1892.

The Preservation of Life. (1) At Home. Out of the large circles of Executive and Branch officers of the three Woman's Boards, only one, Mrs. Henry Plant, of Minneapolis, has passed into the heavens since our last thank-offering meeting. (2) Abroad. Only one missionary of the W. B. M., Mrs. Chandler, of Madura, and one of the W. B. M. I., Miss Carrie S. Bell, also of India, have died during the year, though some missionaries of the American Board have fallen asleep. Gratitude will be deepened by noting the dangers that threatened. Scarcity of food on Kusaie, earthquake in Japan, malignant cholera in India, riot and rebellion in China.

The Commencement, Progress, and, in some cases, Completion of New Enterprises by the Woman's Boards. Note Bowker Hall in Bombay, *LIFE AND LIGHT*, Feb., 1892, page 58; the girls' school at Ruk, *Mission Studies*, April, 1892; Kobe College enlargement, *Mission Studies*, Nov., 1891; Marash College enlargement; Erzroom school building, Turkey. Send for leaflets touching three last named to W. B. M. I., 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Miss Stanley's home school, Tientsin, China, and the training class room in Tung-cho. See *Mission Studies*, September.

Religious Interest in the Missions, Harpoot. Girls' department of college, *LIFE AND LIGHT*, February, page 50. *Zulu Mission*, Africa. Mr. Ransom writes from Amahlongwo, "We are in the midst of a great blessing," and speaks of a similar blessing at Ididudu, and of interest at Amanzintote, Umwalume, and Inanda. See his letter in this number.

At *Kusaie*, Micronesia, seven girls united with the church at one communion, and before another the Spirit seemed to be with the girls in their prayer meeting, so that sixteen stood up and made a new consecration of themselves. Note in the missionary periodicals the number of women and girls added to the churches in all the lands.

Work Among Women. Patient continuance of the Bible women. At Tung-cho over a hundred homes have been visited, and 1,822 lessons given in eight months. Several new Bible readers have been added to Miss Perkins' force in India. Woman's work has been begun in Fen-chow-fu, China: *Mission Studies*, July, page 143, European Turkey Mission. These are but a few of the facts easily found in our periodicals.

Prosperity of Schools. The work has been mostly undisturbed in the Turkish Empire. In West Central Africa the school at Bailundu has

numbered seventy-eight, that at Chilume twenty-five, and a new one is begun at the Umbala. Miss Bell's school at Kamondongo is so full that ten boys have written to Secretary Smith asking for an assistant for her. The Hadjin Home, Turkey, is more than full. The school in Tung-cho, China, increased sixty per cent last year. The Constantinople Home, Kobe Home, and Marsh College are prosperous.

Political and Social Progress. Formation of Anti-Footbinding Society by the women of Tung-cho, China; movement toward Social Reform in Japan; ratification of the Brussels Treaty by seventeen European nations and the United States. This treaty aims to restrict both the slave traffic and the sale of intoxicating liquors in Africa. Organization of Sunday-school work in India. Dr. Pentecost's work in India, and its influence over the Pundita Ramabai. The beginnings of access to Mohammedans. One mission in India writes of twenty-five Moslem women learning to read. The agency at Aden sold 20,000 copies of the Scriptures to Moslems; that at Algiers 8,800; at Morocco, 6,000.

The September number of *Mission Studies* will contain information on these topics.

A TALK ABOUT TITHES.

It was Sunday afternoon. The family of Mr. Richmond had settled down in their pleasant sitting room to the quiet enjoyment of their usual Sunday readings of missionary and religious papers, Sunday-school books, and, best of all, the Book of books.

"O dear! I never want to read another missionary paper, it makes me so unhappy," exclaimed Nellie, the only daughter, throwing aside the LIFE AND LIGHT she had been reading; and leaning her head on her hand she let the tears she had tried to suppress flow freely. Mrs. Richmond looked up from her book, regarded her daughter earnestly for a moment, said nothing, and resumed her reading. Half an hour was passed in silence, then Mr. Richmond and the two boys left the room, and mother and daughter were alone.

"What is it, my daughter,—what troubles you?" asked Mrs. Richmond, tenderly lifting the bright young head and kissing the tear-stained cheek. "Tell me all about it."

"I do want to tell you, mother, but you will think me very foolish, and wicked, too, I am afraid."

"Try me," said Mrs. Richmond, smiling.

"Well, mother, every missionary paper and magazine has just this one story. The foreign missionaries say: 'The whole region is open to the gospel. We greatly need a large reinforcement of consecrated men and women for this field, to supply the frequent calls for schools and preaching, yet we could not extend the work if we had the men, for lack of money.' Then the wants of the Home field—our home missionaries enduring needless hardships; and whole counties without the gospel, for want of money! O dear, I don't understand it. They tell us there is a vast amount of wealth in the hands of the Church; why don't the Church give more? Why are things

allowed to go on so when so many precious souls are perishing for lack of knowledge of the way of life. Then there is another thing that I cannot understand; even here at home, if there is a sum of money to be raised, instead of putting their hands in their pockets, church members devise some scheme to get, at least, a part of the sum from people who care nothing for the good object, but only pay for being amused, as they would at a theater or at other place of amusement. I cannot reconcile these things with the teachings of Jesus, and they trouble me, and puzzle me, till I find myself nibbling everything. It makes me so unhappy that I cannot read the missionary papers any more. Why, I find myself almost blaming the Lord for permitting his people to do so. I know this is wicked, and I strive against it. Can you help me, mother."

"I know all about it, my child," said Mrs. Richmond; "I have gone through it all. That the course pursued by a large number of God's professing children is clearly wrong, we know from his Word. We are sure God knew what was best for his people, through all time, when he gave the command to Moses for the children of Israel in Mt. Sinai that all the tithes of the land, and of the herds, and the flocks, were holy to the Lord, and must be paid. That law has never been repealed; and when the Church of to-day will admit to claim of their Saviour to at least a tenth of their income, and will pay to him their tithes with prompt and loving obedience, this agonizing cry for means to prosecute his work will cease, for the coffers of the sanctuary will be full, and the whole world will speedily hear the glad tidings of redemption."

"But will that time ever come?" exclaimed Nellie. "All nations seem ready for the gospel now, and thousands are dying daily; dying unsaved! Why don't the Lord make his people give tithes now, souls are so precious!"

"We are all free agents, my daughter; and while the Lord teaches us our duty very plainly, and tells us the consequences of our neglect, and gives us assurances of glorious rewards for well-doing, he cannot compel us to do right without destroying our freedom of choice. Very few, even of professing Christians, let their thoughts dwell upon the value and destiny of a human soul, until such thoughts become a living reality. Indeed, the mind cannot grasp the whole truth; and O, when in the light of eternity each life-work is viewed, how many there are who, though themselves saved 'so as by fire,' will not receive the added reward God has promised; because in their earth life they never, by gifts of self-denial, or by direct personal effort, added to a lost world the wonderful story of redeeming love. But let us take a brighter view; you believe you are a Christian, and of the very little that the Lord gives you, you gladly pay him one tenth. It is a small sum, but a very penny is consecrated by prayer, and helps to swell the sum total that sustains some missionary in the foreign field or in our own home land. The Lord honors your gift, and answers your prayers, and a sinning soul is saved. Time rolls on, and that redeemed one brings others to Christ. The circle widens on earth, and widens still. One and another of those redeemed ones are called up higher, and sing redemption's song before you know what our little tithe has helped to accomplish.

“There is so much joy in giving, even without knowing the results, that the tithes do not satisfy, and you begin to practice self-denial, that you may give a free-will offering; for the tithes are only paying the Lord a very low interest on your ten thousand blessings.

“Oh the joy of being permitted to have a share in the blessed work bringing souls to Christ! God could do all this work without your help, but he makes you a coworker with him, that you may share in Christ’s joy and the joy of the angels when souls accept the blood-bought redemption.

“How great the reward for your little self-denials; how insignificant we seem even the most you can do when viewed in the light of eternity! Yet God will accept your imperfect work because of the love that prompted it. No greeting of the dear ones gone before, no seraph’s song, will fill your ransomed spirit with such ecstasy of bliss as the loving ‘Well done’ of ‘the King in his beauty.’”

E. M. S. STEWART.

TRUST.

[Written by a constant reader for LIFE AND LIGHT.]

Leave God to order all thy ways,
 And trust in him whate’er betide;
 Thou’lt find him in the evil days
 An all-sufficient strength and guide.
 Who trusts in God’s unchanging love,
 Builds on the rock that naught can move.

What can these anxious cares avail—
 These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
 What can it help us to bewail
 Each painful moment as it flies?
 Our cross and trials do but press
 The heavier for our bitterness.

Only, my restless heart, keep still,
 And wait in cheerful hope, content
 To take whate’er His gracious will,
 His all-discerning love hath sent;
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
 To Him who chose us for his own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,
 He sends them as he sees it meet.
 When, having borne pain’s fiery test,
 We’re freed from wrong and all deceit,
 He comes to us all unaware,
 And makes us own his loving care.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
 But do thine own part faithfully;
 Trust his rich promises of grace,—
 So shall they be fulfilled in thee.
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted him indeed.

For the Bridge Builders.

MONASTIR, JUNE 30, 1892.

Mrs. J. B. LEAKE, TREAS. W. B. M. I., CHICAGO, ILL.:—

The accompanying letters will speak for themselves. The society "Help" has a membership of seventeen little children, ranging in age from six to twelve. They take great pleasure in sending their mite toward the Erzroom Building Fund and to Miss Howe's kindergarten. Last year they sent a small sum to help build the house in Pao-ting-fu, China, which the W. B. M. called for. They studied about Japan this year.

The other society, "Sympathy," has twenty-two members, and is composed of the Bulgarian teachers and larger girls in our school, and the women of the congregation. They send what they collected to the Erzroom Building Fund for a window, and to be used in providing places in India for preaching. They had India for their subject this year.

The draft is for \$19.80. Please credit the two societies as follows:—

"Help," for Erzroom Building Fund	\$2.20
"Help," for Miss Howe's work	4.40
"Sympathy," for Erzroom Building Fund	6.60
"Sympathy," for India	4.40
	<hr/>
E. R. B., for Erzroom Building Fund	\$17.60
	2.20
	<hr/>
	\$19.80

As most of the members of both societies are poor, the sums seem quite large to them. One little girl told me that whenever her mother gave her a half cent to buy a *semit* (a kind of biscuit) for her breakfast, she generally put it in her jug; but sometimes her mother bought the *semit* herself, and when she did not have the half cent to put in. The average amount in each jug was not over nine cents.

The public meeting of "Help" Society was very successful. They sold everything. As the public meeting of "Sympathy" was not so successful, some of the little helpers volunteered to take the unsold articles of the larger society and carry them from house to house to sell them. The older society, "Sympathy," has been in existence several years. "Help" has just finished its second year. I am much interested in the Erzroom school building. My father and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, are stationed there, and part of my own childhood was passed in that old building.

Yesterday our school, in charge of Misses Cole and Matthews, finished another successful year's work. Two young ladies received diplomas. A church was also organized here on June 26th, with twenty-four members. With heartfelt sympathy in your work,

Yours truly,
MRS. ELLEN R. BAIRD.

MONASTIR, June 29, 1892

MRS. J. B. LEAKE :

Dear Madam,—Enclosed in this letter you will find an order for \$ gathered by the members of our society, named "Sympathy." When considered the plan of sending the money to places that need it, we decided to give \$6.60 for a window in Erzroom school building, and \$4.40 for India I believe that you will like to know a little about this society of ours. It consisted of twenty-two members, with its president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary. We had our meetings every first Friday of the month. As you will see, the money is not much, but be sure that it is given with cheerful hearts, and sent with hearty prayers. Let us all pray that God will multiply the number of the cheerful givers.

FANKA EFTIMOVA, *Sec*

For the Coral Workers.

It is a pleasure to give our Coral Workers the following letter, which shows that other Coral Workers in Turkey have joined their goodly fellowship. Another letter received with this will be found under "Bridge Builders."

MONASTIR, EUROPEAN TURKEY, June 30, 1892

MRS. J. B. LEAKE: Enclosed please find \$2.20 for building a chimney in the Erzroom school building, and \$4.40 for Miss Howe's kindergarten work in Japan. Our society "Help" has seventeen members; we held several private and two public meetings. Each member had a little jug, and brought into it as much as she could. We collected about \$1.25 in this way, and the rest came in from the sales of the articles we made in our private meetings, and from collections made at our public meetings.

CLARA E. BAIRD.

Treasurer of "Help" Missionary Society.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 18 TO JULY 18, 1892.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. Alton, 13.50; Chicago, First Ch., Mrs. Bigelow, of wh. 25 const L. M. Mrs. A. F. Brace, 50, Aux., 166.55, New Eng. Ch., 25, S. P., 5, Plymouth Ch., 125, Union Park Ch., 2.50, Aux., 284.85, Kenwood Evan. Ch., 56.56; Englewood, Green St., 8, Mrs. J. A. Meek, 15; Elgin, 30; Evanston, 39.14; Geneva, 21.66; Hamilton, 10; Harvey, 6.60; Hinsdale, 120; Ivanhoe, Aux., 1, Mrs. M. L. Jacoby, 3; Launelle, 3; Lyndon, 5; Mendon, 37; Naperville,

13.83; Oak Park, 150; Ottawa, 50; Park Ridge, 18.06; Payson, 9; Plainfield, 25; Ravenswood, 25; Rockford, First Ch., 30.85; Rollo, 16; Shabbona, Miss B. M. Langford, 2; Sycamore, 13.60; Toulon, 8.58, Miss H. M. Bliss, of Pasadena, Cal., 5, 1.38
 JUNIOR.—Abingdon, 5; Chicago, Mrs. N. F. McNair, 2, First Ch., 50, North Robey St., K. D., 2, South Ch., 25; Elgin, First Ch., C. E., 5, Pilgrim Ch., 25; Roger's Park, K. D., 5; Sterling, C. E., 5, Wheaton Col., 14.50; Paxton, C. E., 10, 1.90

JUVENILE: Chicago, Kenwood Evan. Ch., 55.35, Leavitt St., Prim. Dept., 2, Lincoln Pk., 5.17, Union Pk., M. B., 37, New Eng. Ch., Steady Streams, 16.98; Galesburg, Little Workers, 10; Oak Park, Torch Bearers, 12.50; Park Ridge, Prim. Ch., 37 cts.; Peoria, First Ch., M. B., 8.50; Ridgeland Grove, M. B., 10.16, 158 03

SELF-DENIAL FUND: Bunker Hill, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Riggs, 2; Chicago, Mrs. H. P. Beach, 2, Cambridge, C. E., 4, First Ch., Aux., 17.25, New Eng. Ch., 5, Plymouth, 2, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., 3.25, Juniors, 2.05, Union Pk. Ch., 2.55; DeKalb, 13.40; Dundee, 2.80; Elgin, 7; Hinsdale, 1.50; Longwood, Mrs. M. F. Howe, 10; Ottawa, 50; Plainfield, 1; Providence, Mrs. M. M. Anthony, 2; Ravenswood, 7.45, 135 25

FOR KOBE COLLEGE BUILDING FUND: Chicago, Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, 1,000, Union Pk. Ch., Mrs. C. A. B. P., 1, Warren Ave. Ch., Aux., 4.25; Glencoe, 100, 1,105 25

Total, 2,940 41

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Rew, of Grinnell, Treas., Algona, 3; Atlantic, 17; Ames, 5; Blairstown, Mrs. J. H. French, 4; Burlington, 15; Belle Plaine, 10; Central City, 6.50; Cherokee, 22.75; Chester Center, 4.65; Creston, 6.40; Decorah, 8; Des Moines, Plymouth, 12.15; Farragut, 10; Gilman, 6.25; Grinnell, 49.25; Le Mars, 12.08; Manchester, 20; Miles, 15; Montour, 6.25; Oskaloosa, 12; Postville, 10; Quasqueton, 3; Reinbeck, 11; Sheldon, 8.05; Sioux City, 7.40; Tabor, 10; Wayne, 7.50; Winthrop, 10, 312 24

JUNIOR: Genoa Bluffs, K. D., 1.50; Grinnell, Y. L. Soc., 10.89; Iowa City, Y. L. Soc., 6.50, 18 89

JUVENILE: Charles City, Junior C. E., 5; Grinnell, Busy Bees, W. Br., 8.64; Mason City, Willing Workers, 7.14, 20 78

SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Decorah, 2.45; Eldora, 1.42, 3 87

SPECIAL: For Erzroom Sch., Council Bluffs, Anon., 1; For Kobe Col., Le Mars, Extra-Cent-a-Day, 61 cts., 1 61

SELF-DENIAL: Atlantic, 8; Cherokee, 23.25; Cresco, two ladies, 50cts.; Creston, 4.40; Decorah, 3.10; Des Moines, Mrs. Genevieve Otis, 1; Dysart, Carrie Smith, 24 cts.; Grinnell, 4.75; Le Mars, 1.50; Red Oak, 30.63; Salem, 5.89; Wayne, for China, 4.50, 87 76

Total, 445 15

MASSACHUSETTS.

Newton Centre.—A, for Miss Little, 25 00

Total, 25 00

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas., Ann Arbor, from Miss Sarah Ellsworth, 5, Aux., of wh. 1.77 is Self-denial, 25; Constantine, 12; Dowagiac, H. and F. M. S., 10; Detroit, Woodward Ave. Ch., 38, Wood Ave. Ch., 60; Flint, 21.82; Grass Lake, of wh. 1.25 is Self-denial, 9.17; Greenville, of wh. 7.10 is Self-denial, 22.10; Lansing, Plymouth Ch., of wh. 8 is Self-denial, 33.73; Litchfield, 20; Muskegon, 7.50; Romeo, 75; Union City, 16; Vermontville, 11.75, 366 07

FOR KOBE COLLEGE BUILDING FUND. Greenville, from Mrs. R. L. Ellsworth, 10, Mrs. LeRoy Moore, 5, 15 00

JUNIOR: Ann Arbor, C. E., 23.99; Cooper, A Friend (Endeavorer), Self-denial, 2; Greenville, New Junior Soc., 2.75; St. Johns, C. E., Two-Cents-per-Week, 9.32, 45 06

JUVENILE: E. Saginaw, Faithful Workers, 2; Lake Linden, C. E., 14.85, 16 85

Total, 442 98

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 University Ave. E., St. Paul, Treas., Afton, 1; Anoka, 5; Austin, 13.13; Duluth, 25.75; Minneapolis, First Ch., 25, Park Ave. Ch., 50.44, Friend, for Miss Barrows, 15; Northfield, 62.85; Owatonna, Self-denial Fund, 11, 209 17

JUVENILE: Cannon Falls, S. S., 4; Excelsior, S. S., 1.50; Northfield, Willing Workers, 5, 10 50

SPECIAL: Northfield, First Cong. Ch., Extra-Cent-a-Day Band, for Scholarship, Bombay, 30 00

Reserved for expenses, 14 13

Total, 235 54

OMITTED from last report: Springfield, Aux., 5.

MISSOURI.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. H. Drew, 3101 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Treas., Amity, 4.70; Cameron, 5.50; Carthage, 35; Hannibal, 4.15; Kansas City, Olivet Ch., 5; St. Joseph, 2.20; Pierce City, 10; St. Louis, Pilgrim Ch., 46.15, 112 70

JUNIOR: St. Louis, Pilgrim Ch., 63 25

JUVENILE: St. Louis, First Ch., Ready Hands, 9, Pilgrim Workers, 5; Springfield, First Ch., Cheerful Workers, 4, 18 00

SELF-DENIAL: Amity, 4.30; Cameron, 6; Hannibal, 1.35, C. E., 50 cts.; Kansas City, A Friend, 1.35; St. Joseph, 24.22; St. Louis, Pilgrim Ch., Add'l, 34.25, 71 97

THANK OFFERING: St. Louis, Pilgrim Ch., 5 00

Total, 269 57

NEBRASKA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. H. G. Smith, of Exeter, Treas., Blair, 8.50; Crete, 6; Camp Creek, 3; David City, 2.05; Exeter, Personal, 2.13, Aux., 7.25, Self-denial, 2.80; Fremont, 11; Grand Island, 6.50; Groversville, 2.54; Hastings, 10; Lincoln, First Ch., 15; Vine St., 1.27, Self-denial, 2.71; Maple Creek, 5; Milford, 5; Norfolk, 1.35; Omaha, First Ch., 8.62, Plymouth, 12.05, Self-denial, 4.25, St. Mary's Ave., 18.75, Self-denial, 4, Hillside, 2.50; Red Cloud, 1.35; Scribner, personal, 10, Aux., 9.07; Stanton, Self-denial, 6.50; Weeping Water, 5, 174 19

JUNIOR: David City, 1.87; Exeter, 7.18; Franklin, 3.80; Kearney, 10; Lincoln, Plymouth, 8; Omaha, St. Mary's Ave., 15; Pierce, 5, 50 85

JUVENILE: Lincoln, First Ch., 5; Omaha, First Ch., 25, St. Mary's Ave., 10; South Bend, 5, 45 00

SUNDAY SCHOOL: Bisbee, 2.30, Leigh, 65 cts.; Omaha, First Ch., 5.75, Plymouth, 5.16; Venango, 1, 11 86

C. E.; Kearney, 6.70; Red Cloud, 7.50,	14 20
Mrs. D. Z. Sheffield's Work,	143 72
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	442 82
Less expenses,	48 54
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Total,	394 28

LIFE MEMBER: Mrs. D. Z. Sheffield, of China.

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Akron, First Ch., 40; Anstineburg, 10; Bellevue, 15.50; Berea, 15; Cincinnati, Central Ch., 65, Walnut Hills Ch., 64.36; Claridon, 20; Elyria, 87.01; Geneva, 14.50; Hudson, 8, Ch., 10; Mantua, A Friend, 2; Rockport, Mrs. C. S. B., 5; Sandusky, 10; Springfield, First Ch., 14; Steuben, 10; Tallmadge, 10.93; Toledo, First Ch., 25, Central Ch., 9.17,	435 47
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JUNIOR: Cincinnati, Helping Hand Soc., 18.20; Painesville, Lake Erie Seminary, 51; Lyme, Y. P., 5,	74 20
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C. E.; Chardon, 7.25; Elyria, 25; Huntsburgh, 3,	35 25
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JUVENILE: Elyria, Little Helpers, 12; Oberlin, Children's Soc., 16,	28 00
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SELF-DENIAL FUND: Claridon, 4; Elyria, 15; Marietta, 1.65; Toledo, First Ch., 12.75,	33 40
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Less expenses,

606 32

Total,

604 57

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.

BRANCH.—Colorado Springs. C. E., for Marash,	15 00
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Total,

15 00

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. S. Kingsbury, Sioux Falls, Treas. Canton, 4.25; Deadwood, 9.55; Huron, 13.63; Mission Hill, 5,	32 43
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JUNIOR: Sioux Falls, K. D., 10; Yankton, College Girls, 7.60,	17 60
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JUVENILE: Pierre, Cheerful Givers, 10 75	10 75
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SELF-DENIAL: Bon Homme, 3; Canton, 7; Elk Point, 5; De Smet, 10; Letcher, Mrs. D. E. Coman, 75 cts.; Rapid City, Mrs. R. W. Farquhar, 3,	28 75
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Total,

89 53

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Cohnrn, of Whitewater, Treas. Appleton, 18; Arena, First Ch., 2.65, Third Ch., 4.48; Beloit, First Ch., 25; Broadhead, 5; Delavan, 15; Hartland, 5; Hammond, 7; Janesville, 5.80; Lancaster, 6; Lake Mills, 1.55; La Crosse, 5; Menasha, 5; Milwaukee, Grand Ave., 48.76; Pilgrim, 18; New Richmond, 13; Tomah, 1.44; Wauwatosa, 6; Whitewater, 30,	222 68
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SPECIAL: Edgerton, by Mrs. J. Copley, 1; Milwaukee, Grand Ave., Mrs. Reed's S.S. Cl., for Miss Shattuck, 13,	14 00
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DENIAL: Burlington, Y. L., 5; Beloit, Second Ch., 12; Green Bay, 7.53; Janesville, 2.21; Lake Mills, 1.15; La Crosse, 18.40; South Milwaukee, Mrs. Stowe Sawyer, 1.50; Tomah, 4; Whitewater, 32.10	83 91
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FOR MARASH COLLEGE: Waukesha, Beth Ebersol,	5 00
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JUNIOR: Arena, Third Ch., S. S., 3.80; Appleton, Y. L., 10; Burlington, Y. L., 10.67; Fox Lake, Downer Col., 12.56; Green Bay, Y. P., 14; Milwaukee, Grand Ave., Y. L., 46; Madison, Y. L., 41.50; Wyoming, C. E., 10,	148 53
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JUVENILE: Arena, First Ch., Willing Workers, 1.66; Eau Claire, Cheerful Givers, 5; Kenosha, Bnds of Promise, 2.50; La Crosse, Coral Workers, for 250 boards for floor and 250 boards for ceiling in Erzroma Building, 110; Milwaukee, Grand Ave., M. B., 53; Winsdor, M. B., 5; Wauwatosa, M. B., 12.23,	189 39
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Less expenses,

663 51

23 27

Total,

640 24

LIFE MEMBERS: Beloit, First Ch., Mrs. S. M. Clary; Whitewater, Mrs. Ellingwood.	
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CORRECTION: In Aug. LIFE AND LIGHT, Beloit, Second Ch., should be credited with 10, not Beloit First Ch.

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford.—Mrs. Jno. S. Welles, for Kobe College Building Fund,	400 00
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Total,

400 00

GEORGIA.

Thomasville.—K. D. of Allen Normal School, for Ruk,	5 00
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Total,

5 00

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans.—University Ch., per La. M. Union,	4 00
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Total,

4 00

TEXAS.

Dallas.—Aux., for Miss Swift's work,	30 00
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Total,

30 00

ARIZONA.

Tempe.—Mrs. E. S. Van Tuyl, const. L. M. Miss Ella F. Taylor,	25 00
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Total,

25 00

AFRICA.

Kambini.—Miss Nancy Jones, Thank Off.,	10 00
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Total,

10 00

TURKEY.

Marash.—Lighters of Darkness, per Miss C. Shattuck,	9 44
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Total,

9 44

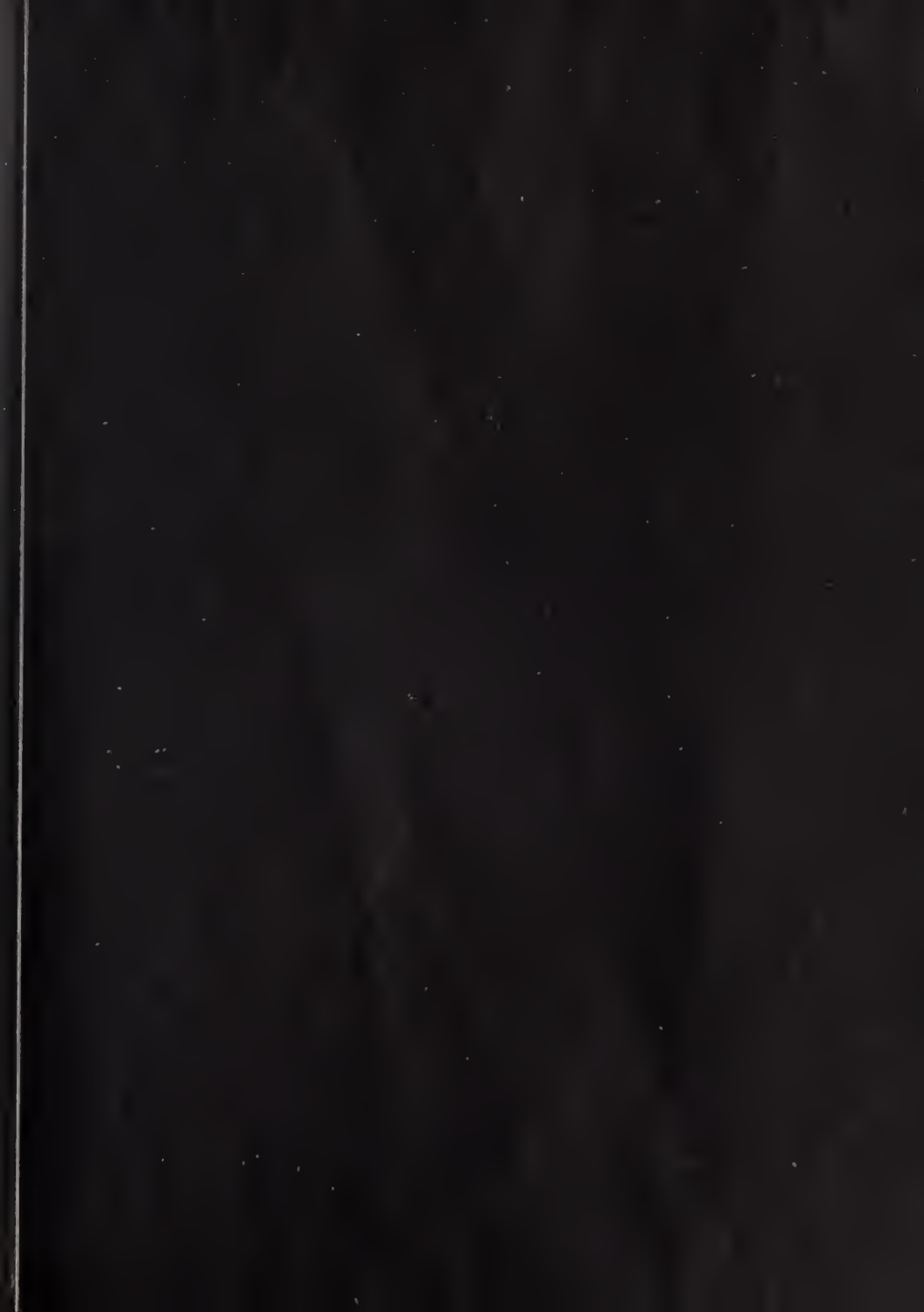
MISCELLANEOUS.

Sale of leaflets, 14.56; boxes, 6.81; envelopes, etc., 80 cts.,	22 17
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Receipts for month,	6,609 23
Previously acknowledged,	36,795 30

Total since October,	\$43,404 53
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MISS JESSIE C. FITCH,
Ass't Treas.



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